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The Night-Wind.

Once when the night-wind clapped its wings
And shook the window-bars and roof,
I heard the soul of battle-kings
Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes a runic strife it kept,
Of winter nights, in selected trees;
Or underneath the eaves it crept—
A swarm of murmuring bees.

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the air
In hollow chase their bugles blew,
While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare
The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,
Safe, under ward of storm and night,
To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone
A taper kind and bright.

These things the night-wind used to tell,
And still would tell, if I might hear;
But sorrow sleeps too sound and well
To lend a dreamful ear.

WALTER'S WIFE.

Walter Williams was going to be married, and his parents were unwilling. In fact, his mother, who was energetic and go-aheadative, declared, "if she was in father's place," (meaning her husband), "she would forbid the bands." Mrs. William's "father" was not a gifted man. Mrs. Williams had not married him for his intellectual wealth, and he had somewhat misty views upon most subjects. And he evidently regarded these "bands" that his wife spoke of, as two long lines attached to the matrimonial halter, in which Walter and his wife were to be driven in future in wedded harness. And he replied, that "it wouldn't do no good to meddle with the bands, for they were determined to be joined together, and if they wasn't then, they would be at some future time."

So the bans were not forbidden, and Walter William and Hattie Parker were united till death would part them. As Walter whispered to Hattie, as they passed out of the church, "Till death, darling; my own, and forever after. Such love as ours is for all time." Remember what the Bible says, a man shall forsake father and mother for his wife; and that you are now my own wife, to love and to protect forever more. Walter's handsome face looked so noble and manly as he said this, that Hattie forgot the great sorrow of her life, in her perfect love and admiration of her husband. And she was not so much to blame for her admiration, for Walter Williams was a very noble young man. He did not choose to desert Hattie, and break her heart and his own, because his parents objected to her as a wife. No other fault could be brought against her. She was an orphan, entirely friendless, save for Walter. For the invalid widowed mother, whom Hattie had supported with her needle, had died two months before her marriage; died with a look of content upon her worn features as Walter took Hattie's hand in his, and vowed to love and protect her always." All this occurred in the village of Clayton, where Walter had been to spend the winter with an uncle. And when his parents, especially his mother, raised her stormy opposition, Walter, as we see, was not inclined to break his vow to the dead and the living, to appease his parents prejudice.

An extra stormy interview that occurred, when Walter told his mother his firm determination to marry Hattie, his mother told him "that not one cent of their property should he ever have; it should all go to found a hospital, or church."

"Very well," said Walter, "I had rather have Hattie than a hundred fortunes."

"Such a shame," said his mother. "And then you might have had Jemima Price."

"Cousin Jemima! That old cat," cried Walter, irreverently.

"She is only one fourth cousin, and is worth sixty thousand; and it ought to be kept in the family."

"She is fifty years old."

"She isn't a day over thirty-five, and you can't have everything in a wife."

"I have everything in Hattie; everything that is sweet and loveable, bless her."

Which words, spoken so lover-like and enthusiastically, so incensed the old lady that she left the room so rapidly that every ribbon on her cap floated backward like flags in a high gale. But the old lady had a heart, such open-mouthed, impulsive people usually have. And when she saw Walter, her only child, and the idol of her heart, dressed in his best, ready to go to his bridal, she retired into the house, and sat down upon the old cheese-press, unused for years, and moistened it with her tears, out of sight of all, as she thought. But Walter had a heart, too, and a very warm heart; one that was large enough to hold the sweet young girl-bride, and the faithful old mother. And he followed her for a last kiss. He bent over her, and kissed the faded cheek very tenderly; and then, nothing her tears and softened mood, he ventured to say, "Mother, if you would only see Hattie, you would be sure to love her. She would be such a good daughter to you."

"Love her! Never!" And the old lady's indignant emotions dried her tears. "I never will call her daughter, and she shall never enter my house."

"Never, mother!" added Walter, sternly. "Never, till you feel differently toward her; till you look upon her as your daughter, welcome her as one; then she will come."

"She shall never come. She has stolen my boys heart, ruined his prospects in life; for Jemima stood ready to marry you, I know, and put her property with ours, and you would be the richest man in the country. I had set my heart on it. And now, this girl, a fortune-hunter, no doubt, has stepped between you and prosperity and happiness. I never will call her daughter, or set my foot into her house."

"Very well, mother. But if you ever change your mind; if you ever come to her, if you or father want a daughter's care and affection, she will be ready."

"She shall never lift her finger for father or me—never! We will lay out in the road, both of us, before she shall. And you will never see either of us inside of your house—never!"

Mrs. Williams prided herself upon always keeping her word. But, blinded by her disappointed ambition, and her hot anger, she did not at this time recollect the old adage, that "man proposes, and God disposes."

So Walter Williams and his young bride set out on their married life over a somewhat tempestuous sea. But, for all that, they were very happy. Walter obtained employment in Clayton; he was clerk in a bank, with a good salary. And Hattie made their little cottage-home the very coziest and brightest spot upon earth. It was a sight to see her flitting round the supper-table like a household fairy, intent upon seeing whether Mary, their one servant, had arranged everthing to suit Walter's rather fastidious taste. And then, when then delicately-tinted china, and dainty wands of her own cooking were arranged to suit her, to see her run out to the front portico, and stand with her eyes shaded with her hand, to see if Walter was coming. And then, when the handsome, manly form appeared, step-ng lightly, as who would not, to be welcomed to such a home.

And so two years rolled away, and then came an evening, it was a lovely June evening, and Walter, coming home at night-fall, I think, if possible, more lightly than ever. For, though Hattie did not run down to the gate to meet him, he saw her looking out of the window eagerly, and welcoming as ever; and held up in her arms, its golden head shining, was the sweetest of baby faces, a miniature Hattie in beauty. Its name was Susie; for tender-hearted Hattie, who realized, by the mysterious knowledge of motherhood, more than ever what it would be to have such a son as Walter, and lose him from any cause, so, as a sort of silent peace-offering for having stolen her boy, she would insist upon calling the baby for his mother.

Blessed was this cottage above others after this little angel visitant came to tarry with them. But one shadow dimmed the blue sky of their content, and this was a constant sorrow to both Walter and Hattie, the alienation of his father and mother. Never had Hattie met either of them. Walter visited them occasionally. Hattie would make him go. He, resenting their treatment of her, would not have gone nearly so often, had it not been for her persuasive eloquence.

"They are old, Walter, and have no one but you."

"But they have no need to be so unjust to you, my pet."

"If they are unjust, we must not be cruel; two wrongs never made a right yet," pleaded tender-hearted Hattie. And, after baby came, she had another, a stronger argument, "What if our precious should grow up, and become displeasing to Mom and Walter, you must go and see your father and mother to-morrow."

This was said upon the evening of the day before New-Year's Eve. Walter could not possibly have refused any request that Hattie could ask him; but to his regret he was obliged to tell her that he was to be out to C——, on business for the bank; he must start in the morning, and should be gone two days. Hattie was too sensible a woman, to make any objections to her husband's leaving her on business, although it was the first time he had left her so long since their marriage.

Walter set out early the next morning. And upon this very same clear, cold morning, New Year's Eve, Walter's father and mother—and she had been awake nearly all the previous night, counting the perils and anxieties of the journey—set out for Clayton. The old gentleman had an idea of getting a pension; he had been drafted in the late war. He knew well what the peril of war was, for he had been in an engagement; and he well remembered running, every step of the way home from the battle-field, when the enemy appeared. He ran twenty-four miles, and reached home perfectly exhausted, and worn out with the fatigues of war. For this very active service he was now thinking of getting a pension. He had been encouraged in the hope by a keen-eyed pension agent in Clayton, but he must appear before the matter can be personally. Of course, Mrs. Williams was not going to permit her husband to go alone on such a journey; danger loomed up before her anxious eyes. Jemima Price, her third cousin, who boarded with her now, having quarreled with all her first and second cousins, thought "There was no need of susan's going. She was getting old, and there was no danger."

This only whetted the old lady's determination to go. "Old, indeed! She guessed she wasn't so old now in actions, as some who was a little younger in years."

"A little younger, indeed!" Jemima was tender upon the subject of age, and a long and warm discussion ensued. To tell the truth, ever since Jemima was domesticated with cousin Susan, she had looked upon her Walters refusal to marry her with lenity at first, and of late with absolute joy and triumph, to think she was no more nearly related to her than third cousin. They both had the Price temper that flared up on small occasions in gusty anger. And it the daily battles they fought had been with other weapons than their tongues, this story would probably not be written, as one or more of the actors would have been missing. It was a very warm altercation, Mrs. Williams taking the ground.

"That it would be altogether best for some people to attend to their own business, and let the affairs of other people alone, for other people were abundantly able to look after their own affairs."

And Jemima, taking the immovable position, "that some folks needn't get into such a passion because somebody was advising them for their good."

"For their good!" But it is needles to recapitulate their wordy warfare. But when Mrs. Williams went out to the carriage, her head was well up in the air, and her bonnet strings floated out defiantly on the keen morning air. While Jemima, as she made her morning toilet, tied up her back hair in so hard and vindictive a knot, that, to her after regret, she loosened several of her few locks of hair at the roots.

Old Mrs. Williams did not often leave home, and she wearied and harassed her husband with fearful prophecies and forebodings. Three times during the first few miles, did she make the old gentleman so very lame, dismount from the high seat, and examine the harness. Then she heard the linch-pin break, and the axle-tree crack; and then the springs broke down, one by one, in her vivid imagination. And at last, when midway a steep hill, the old lady declared "the whole carriage-bottom was breaking down, and told him to get out quick and see."

The old man rose in his dignity, and declared, "That he wouldn't get out of that buggy again till they got to Clayton, to suit anybody."

Poor old man, how little did he know what fate had in store for him, although, perhaps, he was not so far wrong, he did not get out "to suit anybody."

The village of Clayton lies in a most sheltered little valley, with high hills standing like sentinels about it, and it was in descending one of these hills, about a quarter of a mile from this village, that Mrs. Williams exclaimed again, "Father, do be careful! I declare if you hain't run over every stone between here and home, and gone down into every rut. Why can't you be careful? And I do believe one of the whiffletrees is broke."

"No it hain't, said her husband, calmly. "The whiffletrees are all right; you are always imagining things."

"Wall, do jest git out, and look," said his wife, lifting her black lace veil, and peering down over the side of the carriage. "You know Jim never can bear anything near his heels. We shall be killed jest as sure as the world."

"So, we shan't, mother; I never have killed yet, and you have been expectin' it for fifty years."

"Wall there hain't no need of a man's bein' so careless."

"I hain't careless; you are notional, mother; wimmen always be."

"When we are both throwed out and killed, I guess you won't twit me of bein' notional."

"I guess not," says the old man, calmly. But patience hath its limits, and when the old lady rose again, and put back her veil from her face, and peered down at the harness, the old gentleman, worn out by her complaints, and feeling that his dignity, as a driver, was being impeached, said to her, in a reproachful tone: "If it hadn't been for you, mother, we should have a boy to be a driver for us." Within the memory of the old man, never could such a speech have been made to his wife without drawing out as sharp as an answer. But now she said nothing. Memory was busy with the old lady; memories of the the time when she and her husband, would ride out with a bright little face between them; and small hands would proudly hold the end of the lines, thinking they were driving. Then afterward, when they were older, she and father, sitting on the back seat, while the handsome boy, whom they both worshiped, sat before them, guiding the spirited horses to their great admiration. But Walter, their own boy, their idol, was separated from them now, and the old times could never come back again. Her boy, her Walter! Somehow of late the old lady's heart had ached for her boy more than ever. She hungered for the sight of his handsome, manly face; his loving voice, and ringing laugh. And how bright and cheerful he had made the old homestead, which was dismal enough now. And what a child he had been to them till this one fault—and was it a fault? Of late Mrs. Williams often found herself asking this question to her own soul. Everywhere she heard only good of her son's wife; an aunt, one of the maiden angels who tread fearless by amidst the fire of domestic dissension with no smell of fire on their garments, visited both sister Susan and nephew Walter; and the keenest cross-questioning of sister Susan could extract nothing but good accounts of Walters wife. Aunt Bay would descant upon the perfections of baby Susan till its grandmother felt as if she must needs set out that very minute and take the baby, Walters baby, to her heart; but it were not for her pride. But her pride made a gulf between them that she could never cross; that was all that parted them. She had had relentings of heart before Cousin Jemima had come to make her home with them. But now she had been there six months, and every day she would say to herself, with groaning of spirit over her pusillanimity, that the common casualties of peril and danger, that when, despite vigilance exercised, disease struck her down, and the glad laugh was exchanged for the low wail of anguish the bright glance dimmed by the films of sickness, the appalled parents started as from a dream. What, then, was she, the only and beloved whom they had so cherished and caressed, hurrying, like their other little darlings, to the dreary grave? There was agony almost to madness in the thought. All that medical skill could effect was rendered, all that ceaseless unremitting attention accomplish, offered. Heaven was besought with earnest supplicating importunity, to spare their treasure; and Heaven listened to their prayers.

Neva was pronounced out of danger; convalescence rapidly followed; and when entire recovery was established every friend on their visiting list was bid to share in the exuberant joy which filled the whole household of Moulton Grange, from its imperious master to its humblest retainer. And was Neva worthy of this love? In truth she was. In her sweet face, in every modulation of the low, sweet voice, every movement of the small rosy mouth told of the mind that dwelt within, of the warmth and sensibility of the heart beating in her young bosom. If ever there was a nature from which every taint of selfishness—that prisoner and corrupter of human motives and actions—was banished, if ever one utterly exempt from that cold, excruiating worldly wisdom which, fettering the nobler and more generous impulses of the soul, acted in accordance only with a hard systematic policy, it was that of Neva Moulton; sensitive, truthful, with the ready tear for any suffering, the open hand for every distress, the radiant smile for others' joy the keen sympathy for humanity in all its varied aspects, from her parents, to her the first objects in creation, down to the feed, dog and smallest insect which crawled in her path, the loveliness of her nature was developed and exhibited.

The *fete* at Moulton Grange was in no respects dissimilar to the thousands that have gone before it. The appointments where the outlay of money is the last point considered, and over which exquisite taste presides to direct and design, could scarcely fail to be good. Under the superintendence of Mrs. Moulton they were perfect. On this occasion, when her heart was filled with rapture and thankfulness, there was a peculiar pleasure in tasking ingenuity to its extremest limit in manifesting, by every outward symbol of splendor and gaiety, the feelings which possessed her. The result was quite satisfactory, even to her fastidious taste, and those of the five hundred guests, partakers of the festivity. But time still leaps onwards to eternity. Whether the hours be chronicled by the dial of joy or despair, unnoticed, or bitterly, wearily counted, pass they must.

The *fete* ended amidst bonfires blazing, music, and fireworks. The guests retired to their respective homes; some with heartaches, which the next morning's sun should chase away; others, it may be, with impressions of a deeper, perhaps indelible, character. As it to mock at the instability of all human pleasure, and show to the proud and exulting how slender is the barrier which divides happiness from misery, and that "in the midst of life we are in death," when the next sun shone upon Moulton Grange it dawned upon a heap of smoking ruins! Whether the fire which, in a few short hours, laid the stately home in dust and ashes, was the result of carelessness or the work of an incendiary, was never clearly demonstrated. Destruction, total and complete, was the consequence. Whilst every inmate was buried in slumber, overcome by the fatigues of the preceding night, they were roused to consciousness by the fearful announcement that a portion of the house was in flames.

A young man, on a visit to the rector of the village, who had risen early in order to reach the early train, was the first person who gave to the horrified inhabitants announcement of the peril surrounding them. The wind, which howled in terrific gusts, assisted the work of devastation, and they had barely time to escape with their lives, ere the noble mansion was blazing in every part. And Neva, where was she? The beloved, might in a few moments have been a blackened corpse, but for the heroic exertions of Henry Vale (the young man before alluded to,) who, on hearing that she was yet in the house, only waited to ascertain he situation of her chamber, and regardless of the flames, rushed to where the child lay lifeless, snatched her in his arms, and succeeded, despite the imminent peril which threatened both, in placing her, unharmed, unscathed in her mother's arms.

Time would not permit the intrepid Henry Vale to wait to receive the fervent blessings poured on his head; he had only a moment to spare, and, ere Neva had unclosed her eyes to consciousness he was again on his route.

Moulton Grange, then, existed no longer, and it was the commencement of a train of successive casualties and evils, which ultimately plunged the family in sorrow, poverty, and ruin. A few days only subsequent to the conflagration of

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

It was towards the close of the month of May. The weather was bright and mild—one of those days which, from their clear delicious freshness, give added buoyancy to the step, strength and elasticity to the spirit—when the boon of mere existence is felt as a joy and a blessing, and the heart, forgetting the shadows which past grief or impending calamity fling over it, breathes unmixed aspirations of praise and thanksgiving to the Author of all good! How appropriate, then, was a day like this for the long projected *fete* at Moulton Grange! What was it commemorative of? It was to mark the recovery from long and dangerous illness of Neva, the only child of the proud and pompous owner of Moulton Grange—a young still feeble, ailing girl, but, it were not for her pride. But her pride made a gulf between them that she could never cross; that was all that parted them. She had had relentings of heart before Cousin Jemima had come to make her home with them. But now she had been there six months, and every day she would say to herself, with groaning of spirit over her pusillanimity, that the common casualties of peril and danger, that when, despite vigilance exercised, disease struck her down, and the glad laugh was exchanged for the low wail of anguish the bright glance dimmed by the films of sickness, the appalled parents started as from a dream. What, then, was she, the only and beloved whom they had so cherished and caressed, hurrying, like their other little darlings, to the dreary grave? There was agony almost to madness in the thought. All that medical skill could effect was rendered, all that ceaseless unremitting attention accomplish, offered. Heaven was besought with earnest supplicating importunity, to spare their treasure; and Heaven listened to their prayers.

Neva was pronounced out of danger; convalescence rapidly followed; and when entire recovery was established every friend on their visiting list was bid to share in the exuberant joy which filled the whole household of Moulton Grange, from its imperious master to its humblest retainer. And was Neva worthy of this love? In truth she was. In her sweet face, in every modulation of the low, sweet voice, every movement of the small rosy mouth told of the mind that dwelt within, of the warmth and sensibility of the heart beating in her young bosom. If ever there was a nature from which every taint of selfishness—that prisoner and corrupter of human motives and actions—was banished, if ever one utterly exempt from that cold, excruiating worldly wisdom which, fettering the nobler and more generous impulses of the soul, acted in accordance only with a hard systematic policy, it was that of Neva Moulton; sensitive, truthful, with the ready tear for any suffering, the open hand for every distress, the radiant smile for others' joy the keen sympathy for humanity in all its varied aspects, from her parents, to her the first objects in creation, down to the feed, dog and smallest insect which crawled in her path, the loveliness of her nature was developed and exhibited.

The *fete* at Moulton Grange was in no respects dissimilar to the thousands that have gone before it. The appointments where the outlay of money is the last point considered, and over which exquisite taste presides to direct and design, could scarcely fail to be good. Under the superintendence of Mrs. Moulton they were perfect. On this occasion, when her heart was filled with rapture and thankfulness, there was a peculiar pleasure in tasking ingenuity to its extremest limit in manifesting, by every outward symbol of splendor and gaiety, the feelings which possessed her. The result was quite satisfactory, even to her fastidious taste, and those of the five hundred guests, partakers of the festivity. But time still leaps onwards to eternity. Whether the hours be chronicled by the dial of joy or despair, unnoticed, or bitterly, wearily counted, pass they must.

The *fete* ended amidst bonfires blazing, music, and fireworks. The guests retired to their respective homes; some with heartaches, which the next morning's sun should chase away; others, it may be, with impressions of a deeper, perhaps indelible, character. As it to mock at the instability of all human pleasure, and show to the proud and exulting how slender is the barrier which divides happiness from misery, and that "in the midst of life we are in death," when the next sun shone upon Moulton Grange it dawned upon a heap of smoking ruins! Whether the fire which, in a few short hours, laid the stately home in dust and ashes, was the result of carelessness or the work of an incendiary, was never clearly demonstrated. Destruction, total and complete, was the consequence. Whilst every inmate was buried in slumber, overcome by the fatigues of the preceding night, they were roused to consciousness by the fearful announcement that a portion of the house was in flames.

A young man, on a visit to the rector of the village, who had risen early in order to reach the early train, was the first person who gave to the horrified inhabitants announcement of the peril surrounding them. The wind, which howled in terrific gusts, assisted the work of devastation, and they had barely time to escape with their lives, ere the noble mansion was blazing in every part. And Neva, where was she? The beloved, might in a few moments have been a blackened corpse, but for the heroic exertions of Henry Vale (the young man before alluded to,) who, on hearing that she was yet in the house, only waited to ascertain he situation of her chamber, and regardless of the flames, rushed to where the child lay lifeless, snatched her in his arms, and succeeded, despite the imminent peril which threatened both, in placing her, unharmed, unscathed in her mother's arms.

Time would not permit the intrepid Henry Vale to wait to receive the fervent blessings poured on his head; he had only a moment to spare, and, ere Neva had unclosed her eyes to consciousness he was again on his route.

Moulton Grange, then, existed no longer, and it was the commencement of a train of successive casualties and evils, which ultimately plunged the family in sorrow, poverty, and ruin. A few days only subsequent to the conflagration of his house, Mr. Moulton was called on to bear a yet more heavy calamity. Engaged to an enormous extent in speculation in the funds, he accepted the success which had hitherto attended his schemes as an augury and earnest of its perpetuity; but the tide of fortune, as is frequently the case, ebbed suddenly and ceaselessly. Political events darkened and convulsed the horizon of the "money market;" a rapid and ruinous fall in the funds was the consequence, and the happiness Moulton found himself not only beggared but involved in liabilities to the amount of thousands, which not the mortgage of every acre he possessed, not even the sale of the family jewels and plate, would avail to discharge. Maddened, desperate, cowardly, he staggered beneath the new and overwhelming evils which met him on every side, and, instead of waiting for the helpful, healing aid of the "time, faith, energy," "the three friends God has given to the poor," put a pistol to his head, and became a suicide!

The brief limits of a tale forbid us to follow step by step the declining fortunes of the devoted family of Moulton. The widow and her daughter found—as, alas! to the discredit of human nature, experience has ever proved—that the summer friends of prosperity fly with the first indication of penury's wintry chills. They gathered together the small remnant of property, which, after the payment of all debts, yielded but a poor pittance indeed; and leaving the scene of their former splendor forever, proceeded to New York. They entered the great city, without aim, resources, or friends! it was now, and ever since the shadows of adversity had encompassed them, that all the beautiful points in Neva's character more prominently developed themselves. Though but a child still such events seemed to have forced into sudden maturity the wisdom and intelligence of ripened years. She saw her mother, weak in nature, now absolutely helpless in grief and indigence, with only tears and lamentations, to meet the evils which surrounded them, without faith for the future. To add to their already "huge calamities," an attack of rheumatism laid Mrs. Moulton on a sick bed, and deprived her temporarily of the use of her limbs; they had established themselves in a small lodging, in an obscure locality. Their money had been consumed by the long illness of Mrs. Moulton, and she was dependant on Neva for support. Neva's tender age presented an insuperable barrier. Who would take a child as an instructress?

The construction of fancy articles for the bazaars, was the only one from that suggested itself to provide a roof and maintenance for them. In the scorching heat, the wintry snow, was the once pampered child of luxury and pomp compelled to traverse the streets, to find purchasers for her work. She repined not if success were the reward of her labors, and they procured—the dearest boon!—the means to purchase some covered dainty for her sick and querulous, but fondly loved mother. For herself she cared nothing; her fare was the scantiest, her dress simple toiling from early dawn to the midnight chime, never fret ul, never murmuring. She confided in Him who "cares for the fatherless." Day by day her step became feebler, still she worked on. It was after a morning more than usually harassing, when weary hours had been spent profitlessly in endeavoring to dispose of her little wares, that Neva, on her homeward path, took her route through the Central Park, hoping that the fresh clear breezes might, at least temporarily, brace her. The bright sunshine, the glittering equipages, the smiling faces, all were in fast contrast with the pale faced, sorrowful girl, who was crawling, rather than walking, along the broad thronged path. A nursery maid with two children, one an infant in arms, the other a beautiful boy three years of age, were amongst the pedestrians. The baby dropped the toy it held in its tiny hand; the servant stooped to recover it, and at the same instant, the boy, in pursuit of a dog which accompanied them, rushed into the midst of the drive where the carriages were rolling carelessly along; another minute and the child would have been crushed under the wheels of a carriage, when Neva, who saw the boy's imminent danger, at the risk of her own life, dragged him from the road. But in her efforts to avert danger from the child she herself received a blow from the pole of the carriage, and she had scarcely placed him unharmed on the footpath ere she fell bleeding and senseless on the ground. To summon the carriage of the grandmother of the boy, which was a little way in advance, explain the nature of the accident, life the lifeless Neva into the vehicle, and convey her to the nearest surgeon's, were events that followed in instant succession. The injuries she had received were found to be on examination of a trifling nature. She was driven to her humble lodging, promising to call on Mrs. Lee, the relative of the child, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, and receive again her grateful thanks.

But weeks passed ere Neva could do this,—a long and severe illness followed the event narrated above. Not unCheered, not unsolaced, however, was her sick bed: Mrs. Lee, ascertaining the straitened circumstance of the girl who had saved her idolized grandchild from death, provided every appliance which generosity and wealth could supply to mitigate and relieve the sufferings of Neva. Finding, on a near and constant intercourse with her, the beautiful character exhibited, she offered, on her recovery, a permanent home to herself and mother in her house. And when the period of convalescence arrived the offer was accepted, Neva becoming the instructress of young Arthur. The mother of the boy (Mrs. Lee's only daughter) had died in giving birth to an infant, now only a few months old; the father was in India, and the whole charge of the children devolved on Mrs. Lee, whose love and wealth made her qualified for the task, but who labored under the affliction of total blindness. It was, therefore, with joy she found one so competent, so gentle, so accomplished, as Neva, to associate with her in the care of the children committed to her charge. In another way also was Neva able to minister to Mrs. Lee's gratification, Neva had a voice of exquisite beauty. To listen to the songs she had loved in early youth, breathed by the sweet and birdlike voice of Neva, was a source of intense and unfailing delight to Mrs. Lee. Perhaps in the great city, no house possessed a circle where the inmates were more tranquilly happy, than were gathered under the roof of Mrs. Lee. The disposition of Neva, serene, hopeful, unshaken in adversity, resumed the buoyancy which distinguished it in early youth. Hers was a temperament which not only is a boon to its possessor, but diffuses over a whole household its beneficent and genial power. There was soon another being on whose destiny she should exert a mighty and abiding influence. Mr. Stephens, the father of the children, arrived from India. "Truth is stranger than fiction." He that has proved—and where is he who has *not?*—that our common, every-day life is characterized by passages of such romance that the novelist would scarcely dare invent, will not marvel that in Mr. Stephens Neva identified the heroic Henry Vale who bore her in his ar

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 9, 1888.

MEETING OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet in Armory Hall Building, opposite the Court House at Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, March 12th 1888, at half past 1 o,clock P. M. for the purpose of electing five Delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on May 23d 1888, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

JAMES M. WALTERS,
Chairman.

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 22, 1888.

THE tariff bill as framed by the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee is now ready to be reported to the House. The Republicans will offer a bill and so will Mr. Randall. It will be a mighty strange thing if, out of these three conflicting measures, the two Houses can't construct an honest and acceptable revenue bill.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton, who has been lecturing against the Catholic Church in New York and Boston, but who failed to arouse any interest in his lectures in Philadelphia, is having a lively time of it in Chicago. He has had two or three scenes in his audiences in that city closely approaching riots—was at last locked out of a church and has been denounced by nearly everybody, by Protestants more roundly than by any other class.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN has been generally credited with being the author of the saying: "Government of the people, by the people and for the people." It has also been attributed to Theodore Parker, a distinguished clergyman of Boston. The phrase, however, was first used in substance by Daniel Webster in one of his memorable speeches when he said: "It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's Government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people."

THE first State election of this year will be that in Rhode Island on April 4. The State gave Blaine a plurality of over 6,000 at the last Presidential election, but the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor last year by a plurality of near 3,000. The question of Prohibition, which is an acknowledged failure in the State, will largely control the result. The Democratic State Convention to nominate State candidates will be held on next Monday week and the liveliest kind of a campaign is promised.

THE magnitude of the operations of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on all its lines east and west of Pittsburg during the past year, is shown by its annual report to the stockholders which has just been published. The gross earnings on the entire system amount to $115,000,000, in round numbers, and the gross expenses to $77,000,000, showing net earnings of over $38,000,000. On the main line and branches between Philadelphia and Pittsburg the net receipts over the expenditures amounted to over ten millions of dollars.

M. WILSON, the son-in law of ex-President Grevy, of France, who has been on trial for complicity in the sale of the Legion of—Honor decorations, has been convicted. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment—to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and be deprived of his civil rights for five years. There will be no sympathy for the scape grace Wilson, but there will be universal sorrow for the aged and honored ex-President of France, who has paid the penalty of Wilson's scandalous conduct by the compulsory resignation of his high office.

THE tragic romance surrounding the life of Robert Emmet—the anniversary of whose birth occurs to-day—says the Philadelphia *Record* of Sunday last, will not be likely to die out so long as there shall exist a love of peace and unselfish patriotism and of unflinching devotion to duty. The time has not yet come to write the young martyr's epitaph; but Ireland is gradually turning her face to the light of freedom, and if the blood of martyrs be the seed of the Church, so the sorrows and sufferings of an oppressed people may yet bring about the full fruition of constitutional liberty.

WHENEVER the sub-Treasurer of the United States at New York is succeeded by a new appointment, it is necessary to count the money in the vaults. The late sub-Treasurer having resigned the President appointed Judge McCue, of Brooklyn, as his successor, and the money is now being counted by sixteen employes of the Treasury Department at Washington who have been selected for that special duty. It is estimated that it will take them three weeks to complete the job. There is one hundred and fifty-eight millions in the vaults, made up of ninety millions in gold coin, forty millions in silver, and the remainder is in gold and silver certificates and greenbacks.

SOME of Mr. Blaine's enthusiastic admirers still cherish the notion that he will be nominated for President "in a whirlwind of enthusiasm," notwithstanding his recent re-iterated declination in the interview at Florence, Italy, with a correspondent of the New York *World*. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, who is President of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, is a Blaine man of that kind. In talking recently about the outcome of the Chicago Convention, he said:

No one will be nominated on the first ballot and if, in the weariness of repeated ballots, and the animosities that always arise among the friends of different candidates, one of those sudden impulses that come upon conventions, and which are always unconscious but real expression of the accumulated wisdom of the delegates, should arise, and Mr. Blaine be nominated in a whirlwind of enthusiasm, I think that while he would sincerely regret that the convention had made such a decision he would feel that he was not at liberty to decline.

IT is a notorious fact that in no county in the State is fraud so flagrant and unblushing at the primary elections, as at those of the Republican party in the county of Lancaster. Their repeated occurrence of late years in that Republican stronghold has become a stench in the nostrils of her people. Only a few weeks ago the officers of an election board in one of the districts of that county were convicted of the clearest kind of fraud in their official conduct at the primaries held in May last. This was followed by the indictment and conviction last Sunday morning, after the jury had been out thirty-seven hours, of the election officers of the Sixth Ward in Lancaster City who were indicted for fraud and with adding ballots to the poll at the same election. The trial occupied an entire week and nearly five hundred witnesses were in attendance. The defendants are all well-known citizens of Lancaster and have always borne good characters. A few more convictions for the same offense will perhaps purify the political atmosphere in the "Old Guard" and enable her Republican voters to hold honest primaries.

THE strike of the loco motive engineers and fireman, 1,600 in number, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, which began on last Monday week, still continues with no apparent prospect of settlement. Mr. Arthur, who is Chief of the Brotherhood of locomotive engineers, is in Chicago personally superintending the strike. The organization is well prepared to carry it on having a half a million of dollars in its treasury. The cause of the strike as stated by an officer of the road is this: "At present we have one rate of pay for engineers just promoted from fireman, which continues for one year. In the second year of service as an engineer an advance of pay is given. On the expiration of the second year a further advance to full engineer's pay is given. The schedule proposed by the engineers does away with this classification and insists upon full pay for every man as soon as he begins to run an engine." The Brotherhood, we believe, have never yet lost a strike and say they feel very confident of success in the present one. Both sides express a settled determination not to yield.

THE President has appointed John R. Read, a well-known Democratic lawyer of Philadelphia, to be United States District Attorney for the Eastern district of Pennsylvania, to succeed John K. Valentine, Republican, whose commission will expire on the 11th instant. Valentine was in office when Cleveland was inaugurated three years ago and he has permitted him to serve out his term in accordance with his views of civil service reform. If a Republican President should be elected next November Mr. Read will not likely hold his office three years from and after the 4th of next March, as Mr. Valentine did under a Democratic administration. Mr. Read was a warm friend of Samuel J. Tilden and often visited him at his home on the Hudson River, and it is now said that after the last Presidential election Mr. Tilden wrote to Cleveland asking him as a personal favor to appoint his friend Read to the office for which the President has now nominated him to the Senate.

THE House committee on the judiciary have agreed to a compromise constitutional amendment, combining the Senate bill for the inauguration of the President on April 30, 1889, the centennial anniversary of the first inauguration of President Washington, and the House bill changing the constitutional date for the meeting of Congress from the first Monday in December to the first Monday in January, to hold in session the entire two years if necessary. It is claimed that this joint proposition will receive the required two-thirds. An effort will be made to have it go into effect in the coming year. Should the amendment be adopted, President Cleveland would fill the Presidential office nearly two months beyond the present constitutional term. The Fiftieth Congress would expire two months in advance of its present limit, and the Fifty-first Congress would assemble eleven months before its regular day, as Low established. The Congress can also then sit as long as public business will require.

A CIRCULAR issued on Tuesday last by John E. Strayer and C. B. Clark of the Daily Morning *News*, a new Democratic paper, the publication of which was begun in Johnstown a little over two weeks ago, brought us the unwelcome intelligence that its publication was suspended. Mr. Strayer, who was the projector of the enterprise, states that he had not the financial backing when he begun that he should have had, but took the chances of his friends helping him along as they repeatedly promised, but failed to do. Mr. Strayer, whose brightest hopes seem to have been wrapped up in his new undertaking, expresses his firm belief that a new daily paper can be established in Johnstown on a paying basis. We think so too, and perhaps Mr. Strayer under more auspicious circumstances, will renew the experiment and make it a success. He has the brains and energy for the task.

No newspaper in the country is better entitled to speak for the woolen manufacturers than the Providence *Journal*. It has been a stanch advocate of a protective tariff and an unwavering supporter of the Republican party. Hear what it says for free wool:

The more we look into the desirability of free raw materials the more we shall find to support the claim. New England certainly should be a unit on this issue, for it is owing to free cotton and hides that two great branches of manufacturing are kept active, and free wool would start up the third great industry in a way that would be felt at once in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. To be able to manufacture a single line of men's wear which is now imported would double the size of the city of Providence and give employment to 50 000 people.

BOTH branches of the New Jersey Legislature have passed the high license—local option bill over the Governor's veto. It will now be fought out in the courts.

Now for the Candidates!

Since the dates and places of the Nations! Conventions of the two great parties have been fixed upon, the current speculation is with respect to the two Presidential candidates. In one important particular the Democratic party has an advantage over its opponent—the choice of its candidate for the Presidency has already been unalterably determined by popular decree. No Republican, unless he should be gifted with "second sight," would venture to name from the crowd of Presidential aspirants the man upon whom the choice of the Chicago Convention will fall. No Democrat would seriously dispute that Grover Cleveland is predestined to be the nominee of the St. Louis Convention.

There are Republicans, with whom the wish is the father of the thought, who express the belief that Mr. Blaine will be nominated because of an inability of the National Convention to agree upon any other candidate; likewise there are Democrats who amuse themselves with the fancy that in the chapter of political accidents Cleveland may fall of a nomination. As for Mr. Blaine, the Republicans have evidently determined to hold him to his word, and they will be much more likely to select a candidate in Chicago whose nomination will still the voice of faction than to invoke the very spirit of faction by falling back upon the Maine statesman.

It is much easier to foretell whom the Republicans will not nominate than to predict whom they will select out of a list of candidates that will grow rather than diminish from this time till the meeting of the National Convention. For example, they will hardly be guilty of so extreme an act of political folly as to nominate Chauncey M. Depew, the President of the New York Central Railroad Company, upon a platform of "Protection to American Labor." While the corporations, "Trusts" and "Combines" of every description will have a most potent influence upon the choice of the Republican candidate, the party leaders are altogether too sagacious to make such a nomination. They may not have in their hearts very strong hope of success, even with the most popular candidate whom they may be able to put in the field against Cleveland; but the Democrats need not expect that they will recklessly fling away all their prospects in the coming campaign by making the champion and representative of the Vanderbilt Railroad Monopoly their candidate for President of the United States.

Moreover, the railroad corporations and Trusts have too great a stake in the success of the Republican party to invite it to deliberately commit this folly. While they will pour out their money lavishly to defeat the people's choice, as they did in 1880, and again in 1884, they are no more disposed to waste it in desperate political adventures than are other people.—*Phila. Record.*

The New Tariff Bill.

The new tariff bill, which is given to the public this morning, relates to the duties on imports only, and contains no reference to internal revenue taxation. There was some expectation that it would include a provision repealing the tobacco tax at least, but it is intimated that this will be provided for in a separate bill, the object of the majority of the ways and means committee being to consider the tariff reductions apart and separate from any other questions.

With a few exceptions the changes proposed in the tariff do not appear to be radical, and they are mainly in the line recommended in the President's message, to facilitate the importation of the materials used in manufactures while maintaining a protective duty upon manufactured goods. A great many articles are placed upon the free list, but of these wool and lumber only are important in the amount of revenue produced. It is claimed by those who have been instrumental in preparing the bill that the reduction will aggregate about $55,000,000, of which the free list will furnish $22,500,000; the reduction in woolens and iron and steel, $17,250,000; on sugar, $11,000,000; on china and glassware, $1,600,000; on cotton goods, $500,000; on flax, hemp and jute, $1,500,000, and on chemicals, $750,000. It is very doubtful whether the best informed persons can judge intelligently in regard to this matter, as a reduction in duties sometimes stimulates importation, thus failing to reduce the revenue in proportion to the reduction in the rate of duty.

That the bill will be sharply criticised and strenuously opposed by the Republicans may be taken for granted. The changes in the wool and iron and steel schedules will call forth the greatest opposition, chiefly because of the magnitude of the interests affected. The strongest opposition will come, of course, from the Ohio wool-growers, and the discussion of this subject elicited by the President's message will be threshed over again indefinitely. Pennsylvania interests have less reason for outcry, the duty on pig iron being reduced only 72 cents per ton and the duty on iron and steel rails from $14 and 17 per ton respectively to $11, though doubtless the reduction in each case will be declared to be ruinous.

The introduction of this bill will mark the beginning of the real fight of the session. While it is in no sense a free trade measure the advocates of a high protective tariff will loudly maintain that it is and will employ all their resources to array the business and working classes of the country against it on that score. This is the Presidential year and the revenue question will be considered more with reference to its effect upon partisan chances than with a view to reducing the revenues with the least injury to the business of the country.—*Phila. Times.*

The Pension Floodgates.

Between their desire to cater to the "soldier vote" and to get rid of the surplus without abating the war tariff, the Republican Senators are ready to open the floodgates for another deluge of pension claims.

The grand Army prepared a bill, with the able assistance of the claim agents, proposing to pension all Union soldiers who are "totally incapacitated" for self-support. This bill, if passed and approved, would add unknown millions to a pension list that already costs nearly as much as the standing army of Germany. But, not content with this, Senator Plumb moved to strike out the word "totally." The number of former soldiers who could be persuaded by the offer of Government support to consider themselves "incapacitated" for any work cannot be accurately estimated. It is safe to say, however, that such an offer would double the pension list and make it cost $150,000,000 a year.

In that case not only would the war taxes go on forever, and the monopolists and taxeaters be happy, but there would be a standing premium upon pauperism that would prove more demoralizing to the country than did the war itself.

President Cleveland performed one of the best and most courageous acts of his public life in vetoing such a measure last year. He was sustained by the best public sentiment of the country and by the voters of his own State in the election. He can undoubtedly be relied on to do it again.—*N. Y. World.*

TIME will be called soon if some Republican don't write a letter declining to be a Presidential candidate.

The Prohibition Experiment in Rhode-Island.

The latest figures from Rhode Island on the working of the prohibitory law there are more startling than any which have gone before. It has been previously shown that there are more liquor-saloons under Prohibition than there were under license, and now it is shown that there has been a great increase in drunkenness and crime during the past year as compared with the first year under Prohibition. The official figures upon the latter points were presented to the Legislature last week. They show that during the last six months under license in 1885 the number of arrests was 3398; during the last six months of 1886 the number was 2262, but during the last six months of 1887 it reached nearly its former dimensions, being 3090. During the last six months of 1885 there were 2529 cases of drunkenness and rowling; during the same period for 1886 there were 1475 cases, and during the same period for 1887 there were 2180 cases. Upon cases of common drunkards the showing is worst of all. There were during the last six months of 1885, 60 of these; during the same period in 1886, 23, and during the same period in 1887, 79.

It is evident from these figures that the State is suffering all the evils which flow from the unrestricted sale of liquor. No attempt is made longer to enforce the law. Liquor is sold more freely in the city of Providence than it was under license, the number of saloons to population being one for every 206 persons. The average under High License is about one to every 400. But this free sale is not all the harm that the law is responsible for. During the first year that the law was in existence there sprang up in all the cities of the State a host of so-called private "club rooms," which were merely secret drinking places. The inevitable effect of these was to make drunkards of men who would never have become so under other conditions. The figures now given show the results in the increase of common drunkards. We do not seek to underestimate in any way the evils of bars and saloons. We regard them as a curse everywhere, and would rejoice to see them all swept from existence; but great as their evils are, those of secret drinking and of unrestricted drinking are greater. Prohibition is worse than a folly when it leads to results like these.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

All in One Lifetime.

The changes that have taken place in this country in the active lifetime of men who are still on the stage, especially in the development and progress of the great West, are brought strongly to mind by occasional reminiscences; but the story told to the Washington *Post*, by Colonel E. D. Taylor, of Chicago, a quaint and vigorous character of ninety years, now visiting the National Capital, is especially noteworthy. Colonel Taylor, like Judge Patton, recently entertained by the bar of Pittsburgh, before which he delivered an address on the career of Edwin M. Stanton, has the distinction of being one of the few men living appointed to office by President Jackson. Colonel Taylor began his political life in 1832 as a member of the Illinois legislature. A bill passed congress at that time creating a land office at Chicago, and he was appointed receiver by General Jackson. He says:

I was then in the Illinois senate at Springfield, but I went right up to Chicago. The town had only about 350 people then, and its most prominent feature was a fort to protect the citizens from the Indians. On the 15th of June, 1835, I began a sale of public lands. Except for one little strip of land along the rapids of the Illinois river which sold at from $10 to $12 an acre because it was expected that the water power could be developed, there was no competition whatever. All the rest of the land on which Chicago is now situated I sold at $1.25 per acre. Nowadays the property in the center of the city is worth $3,000 to $4,000 per front foot. My district was a very large one, and in 40 days my receipts aggregated $493,000, more than has ever been sold at any land office in the United States, before or since, in a whole year. I remember that I carried the money through a wilderness to Detroit in constant fear of being attacked by Indians.

The town of "about 350 people" has grown to 600,000, is one of the leading cities, not only of the United States but of the world, for Chicago is recognized everywhere as the typical American city.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Hannibal Hamlin.

That old blatherskite and fossil, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, has been making a speech recently, in which he begged the young men present "to shun the Democratic party as they would a viper. The Democratic party," he continued "is not one whit more patriotic or more honest to-day than in the closing days of Buchanan's administration. I do not know but the Democratic party of to-day is worse than the Democratic party of 1860."

There is an old saying that "one renegade is worse than ten Turks." This man Hamlin was a Democrat as long as it paid him to be a Democrat, and only became a Republican when he saw the drift of public feeling in that hot bed of abolitionism, fourierism and all other isms, his own native Yankee New England. In his old age, when he should be thinking of his rapidly approaching end and making his peace with his Creator, he becomes garrulous and indulges in all the spleen and venom of his ugly disposition against the party which fostered and petted and fed him up until far past the meridian of his life. His ravings against better men than himself do not injure them, but only add to the many sins he will be called upon to answer for in the great hereafter.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

A Silly Cry.

Could anything be sillier than the outcry of the over-coddled industries and their partisan organs that any reduction in the war tariff will bring blue ruin upon the country?

This country never had a 47 per cent. tariff until 1865. Did it not grow and prosper up to that date? Have not wages always been higher here than in the Old World alike under low tariffs and high tariffs? Are they not relatively higher to-day in the non-protected industries? What sense is there in the cry that it will be a calamity to make sugar and clothing cheaper and to relieve salt, lumber and fibres and chemicals used in manufacturers from needless taxation?

The enactment of the Mills Bill would leave the average duty higher than it was under the Morrill Tariff in 1863. It would leave it higher than was proposed by the Republican Tariff Commissioners in 1882. It will add no more to the free list, with the exception of wool, than was recommended by President Arthur and Secretary Folger.

The idea of ruining a country by abolishing its needless taxes was never before heard of in the history of the world.—*N. Y. World.*

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto. Large bottles $1.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A Connecticut man who has traded horses 2,120 times, now has an animal worth $50 for his cuteness.

—There are more people of foreign birth in Milwaukee and fewer in Atlanta, in proportion to the sizes of the places, than in any other cities in the country.

—More than $10,000,000 worth of oysters were shipped from Maryland to all parts of the world this season. Over 40,000 persons are employed in the industry in the State.

—The unusual phenomenon of snow falling from a clear sky was witnessed recently at Livingston, Montana. The nearest clouds overhung the mountain, five miles distant.

—A New York merchant estimates that 3,000,000 bushels of peanuts were consumed in this country last year. The cost to the consumers was $10,000,000, fully half of which was profit.

—A lady of New York City recently extracted from her thumb a needle supposed to have entered her heel seven years previously. A few days after its extraction the needle fell to dust.

—While fishing from a boat the other day a citizen of Orange City, Fla., fell aleep and when he awoke found that he had been towed three miles by a twenty-pound catfish that had seized his hook.

—Mrs. Hutt, of Canton, O., goes raving mad at the coming of each new moon, when the fit passes off until the next change. She is the widow of Gottlieb Hutt, who hung himself several years ago.

—Blocks of ice that were cut in the lake at Memphis, Mo., for storage in the ice-houses, were found in many instances to contain large catfish that had been frozen solid. Some of the fish were over a foot in length.

—A farmer in Accomack county, Virginia, a few days ago while digging a post-hole came upon a pot full of gold and silver coin. It is supposed to have been buried by a Tory who went to England at the outbreak of the Revolution.

—At the trial of a Wooster O., man for murder, it was brought out in the course of the testimony that at the outbreak of the war he had himself convicted of sheep stealing in order that he might avoid military service by going to the penitentiary.

—The town of Bellevue, Ill., is entirely free of dogs. Since the terrific nitro-glycerine explosion there, a few days ago, not a canine has been seen on the streets. At the first report every one started on a dead run for the woods, and not one has returned yet.

—During the great blizzard in the West 225 sheep were buried in the snow at Harding's ranch, near Atkinson, Neb., and were given up as dead. When they were dug out a few days ago 13 were found to be still alive. They had eaten the wool from each other's back.

—About 80,000 traveling salesmen are on the road in this country, whose expense account averages $1,625 a year each, and whose average annual salary is $1,000 thus representing an outlay by and on this go-ahead and wide-awake fraternity of about $210,000,000 every twelve months.

—The greatest elevation which has been attained by man is 37,000 feet—about seven miles—this height having been reached during a balloon ascent made by Glaisher. At this tremendous distance above the earth's surface physical exertion is found to be almost impossible, owing to the great rarefaction of the atmosphere.

—Miss Sadie Ray, of Chicago, is the owner of a dog that saved the lives of her mistress and another lady one night last week. The house got on fire and the room was full of smoke when Miss Ray was awakened by the intelligent animal, which jumped upon her bed and began pawing at her.

—The River Amazon at its narrowest part is nearly a mile wide during the period of high water, with an average depth of 225 feet, running with a velocity of nearly five miles an hour, and discharging 215,875 cubic yards of water per second, or eight times the quantity discharged by the Mississippi in a second during high water.

—A Milwaukee man who has just returned from a trip to California, where he went to see what the boom was like, says that he was offered a "bargain" in Los Angeles in a lot that was held at $4,600 a front foot. Land in the open country 12 miles from town was finding a ready sale at $100 a foot, and money was being loaned at 12 per cent.

—James D. Leary, builder of the big raft which was lost at sea last December, is to build a timber ship at Port Joggins, N. S., 650 feet long, 110 feet longer than the raft, to have six masts and to be bulkheaded at each end to keep off the waves. The largest timbers ever shipped from Nova Scotia are being chained together, and the monster will be ready to launch in July or August.

—The smallest baby in the world was born Feb. 10th to Mrs. Miller, of Rice Lake, Fairbault county, Minnesota. It is a speck of humanity that barely tipped the beam at one and a half pounds. Its foot is not over an inch in length, and an ordinary fingering will go over the foot and upon the ankle. A small child's teacup will cover its head. The father is a large, heavy man, and the mother very little under the ordinary size. The child is perfectly formed and healthy.

—"The crop of alligators is decidedly slim in the South this year," said a man who had just returned from Florida. "In fact, the supply is giving out, and the alligator seems on the road toward extinction as rapidly as the buffalo. The slaughter for their hides has been waged so fiercely that it is no wonder the stock has been depleted. It is only a matter of a few years until the last survivor of a mighty-mouthed race will be dodging the bullets of the hunter in some lonely lagoon and wearily waiting for the end to come."

—John S. Ellis, a well-to-do farmer living only a few miles from Carrollton, Mo., has not visited that town for 25 years. He is no way infirm, but on the contrary is possessed of a good constitution and more than ordinary intelligence. His eccentricity is accounted for in this way. During the war—in 1862—Mr. Ellis, while in town, was met by a well known Kansas Jayhawker and at the point of a murderous-looking revolver was told to say his prayers. Mr. Ellis told him that if he would spare his life he would go home and never come back to the town. He has kept his word, and his relatives say he has not been off his farm for a quarter of a century, though he reads the papers and keeps posted on the affairs of the day.

—Much interest is centered at present in Mrs Hooker, a well-known lady of Elkhart, Ind., who has appeared before the Pension Board and made formal claim to a pension, based on the fact that she was an enlisted soldier of the late war, served three years and was twice wounded. At the breaking out of the war Mr. Hooker was appointed First Lieutenant and his wife accompanied him to the front. She was enabled to do this by a clever piece of strategy. A young man who bore some resemblance to her was induced to submit himself to the necessary examination, and when an opportunity presented itself the young woman, properly uniformed, exchanged places with him. With her husband she has lived in Elkhart several years, and is familiarly known as "Colonel" Hooker. The outcome of her claim is looked forward to with much curiosity.

—A correspondent writing from St. Petersburg says: "I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on the day of my arrival than I had seen in all the rest of Europe during a four months' stay. The peasants of Belgium have a poor reputation for temperance, but I saw more drunken men in Petersburg on my way from the station to the hotel the day of my arrival than I saw in all Belgium."

—An umbrella that was brought to this country from Holland in 1630 is on exhibition in Albany. It bears the name of an Italian maker. It has been asserted that umbrellas are a later invention than 1630, and that an Englishman first appeared in the streets of London in the last century with one to protect him from the rain. The fact is, however, that umbrellas were in use by the Egyptians 4,000 years ago. The umbrellas seen sometimes attached to a vehicle in the streets are seen pictured upon the wall paintings of ancient Egypt.

—An unusual commotion was witnessed in Chinatown, San Francisco, a few days ago. A crowd of excited Chinamen stood before a house and a medley of discordant sounds arose, amoung them the notes of the fife, the drumming on tin pans and a monotonous chant from hundreds of throats. Within the house an altar had been erected on which an immense number of punk sticks were burning. A number of wholeroasted fowls bedecked with artificial flowers and bespangled with gold leaf also graced the impromptu altar, surrounded by tiny cups of tea and mounds of strangely made confectionery. Grouped about this table were four pagan priests habited in flowing gowns of red silk, from whose noses the chanting above referred to proceeded. Behind them was a complete Chinese orchestra, who appeared to be bent upon seeing how much noise could be gotten from their cymbals, fiddles, drums, tomtoms, and above all, their ear-splitting fifes. The company was engaged in banishing devils from the house, the owner of which stated that he had been so annoyed that he could not sleep nights. It is said that a belief in evil spirits is universal among the Chinese, and among the pig-tailed priests of San Francisco are several who are famous for their proficiency in exorcising them.

Three Bold Men.

ST. LOUIS, February 29.—Officials of the Cotton Belt Railroad were notified this morning that a robbery had been committed on passenger train No. 2, at Kingsland, Cleveland county, Ark., at 1 o'clock this morning, and that considerable money and unnegotiable papers had been taken from the express car, in charge of Messenger Calvin, of the Southern Express Company. Calvin also had in charge packages of money collected at stations along the routes intended for the central offices of the company. This, with some of the funds of the express company, made the cash lost about $1,000.

M. H. G. Allis, Auditor of the road, received the above from Superintendent Fleming, located at Texarkana, and later came a meager description of the robbers, giving their height at about 5 feet 10 inches, 5 feet 7 inches and 5 feet 6 inches, and weighing 160, 150 and 140 pounds respectively.

Bob Rew, engineer of the train, tells of the robbery as follows: "I had just put on the airbrake for Kingsland, when a fellow came crawling over the tender toward me, and in an instant had his revolver pressing against the side of my head. He said: "Pull out, quick,' and I did it, you bet. After we had run about a mile and a half he told me to shut her off, and as soon as we stopped two other fellows showed up from behind the tender, and ordered me and my firemen to 'come out of that" Hacket, my firemen, crawled down, but I told them I wouldn't leave my machine. In about a second there were six revolvers pointing at me, and I concluded it was too warm in my engine, so I got down, too.

"Then they told us to uncouple the mail and express car from the rest of the train, but we pretended not to be able to do it, and as Messenger Calvin refused to open up they commenced shooting in lively shape. Then they got a can of oil from the engine and a lot of waste and piled it on the car door and set fire to it. Calvin began to beg, then, and told them if they would agree not to hurt him he would open up. They told him to come ahead, and he threw open the door and jumped to the ground. The robbers then helped themselves. I don't believe they got a great deal. We stayed there for 40 minutes, and not a single man showed up out of the cars except a negro, who stood on the platform and cursed the robbers all the time they were at work. They just laughed at him, though, and kept rigut on."

A reward aggregating $1,950 is offered for the arrest of the robbers."

Safety Without Soldiers.

A Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* writes: "There is one thing that surprises me about America and especially about Washington," said an English gentleman, "and that is the feeling of absolute safety which seems to prevade the atmosphere in all directions. I refer more particularly to the condition of your Treasury. By the courtesy of the officials I was shown through the vaults, where almost countless millions of silver are stored, and I was allowed the privilege even of entering the innermost recesses of the strong rooms where your public funds are stored, and there were no guards but the clerks employed there.

"Then, too, I noticed in passing the Treasury building, at night, that all was as quiet as a grave. A few glimmering lights in some of the windows showed me that there was an occasional watchman inside of the building, but there was no sign on the outside to show that any precaution had been made to prevent a wholesale robbery.

The bank of England, which is the great depository of the city of London, and is, perhaps, the financial institution of the world, is conducted on far different principles. Every night a visitor who happens to be in the neighborhood of Threadneedle street will find a squad of soldiers from the barracks in the West End filing down to take their positions as the night watch. These men are kept on duty from the time the bank closes until it reopens on the following day. They are posted at all sections, and pace the streets surrounding the bank with a regularity of sentries around a camp. I do not know but that your system is far more attractive to a foreigner, although the absence of everything military here is extremely strange to one familiar with what your politicians term the effete monarchies of Europe."

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

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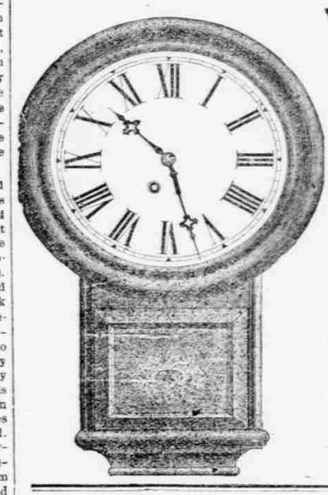

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CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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Best In The World

For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 50 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 90 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced. BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, World renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $18.00 up. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., - New Haven, Conn.

Two targets made with one of our 22 calibre rifles, twenty consecutive shots after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning during the entire seventy shots. These targets carry 48 hearly all the prizes at target matches because they are always accurate and reliable.

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Johnston, Buck & Co.,
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DRAFTS on the Principal Cities Bought and Sold and a General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
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SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
(Refer to this paper.) Rochester, N. Y.

Penn'a Agri'l Works.
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Hay Presses, Stump Pullers and Standard Agricultural Implements generally. Send for Catalogue
A. B. FARQUHAR & SON York, Pa. 41.

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WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 96 Reade St., N. Y.

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To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY, Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. Dec. 9, 4t.

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FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY-WORKING MACHINERY, &c.—Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work.—Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Repairing engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. Jan. 25-'87.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

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ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE,
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IN CHARGE OF
FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.
Board and Tuition
for the Scholastic Year, $200.
March 26th, 1886. tf.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn's who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Fit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1600 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co.,

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 9, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The amount paid Grand Jurors for the present court was $209.42.

—Mr. A. Strittmatter, of this place received a car load of oats on Tuesday last.

—James Griffin, Esq., of Cambria, was doing duty as a traverse juror the present week.

—Mr. James Lloyd, of this place, returned home on Monday after a short visit to Kansas City.

—The amount paid election officers by the county for holding the spring election was $969 77.

—The amount paid officers and witnesses in the Stanley murder case by the county was $248.69.

—The amount paid constables for making returns to Court and holding spring election footed up to $678 01.

—The attention of contractors is called to the advertisement of the Poor Directors which will be found in another column.

—Mr. George H. Roberts, of this place, on Thursday of last week went to Washington city where he intends spending about a week.

—A new post office has been established at Flynn City, Reade township, this county, called "Flinton" with John J. Kuhn as postmaster.

—The Johnstown *Morning News*, after a brief existence of two weeks suspended publication on Tuesday last. Want of capital caused the suspension.

—A new counterfeit $5 silver certificate has been put in circulation. It is well executed and liable to deceive but is three-sixteenths of an inch to short.

—The spelling contest among the pupils of the county will take place at Ebensburg and Coopersdale on Saturday, April 1st, 1888. Further announcement next week.

—Don't fail to read the new and interesting "ad" of L. M. Woolf, Son & Thomas, in another column. For fine clothing and low prices they always take the lead.

—The valuation of the property of the Cambria Iron Company, for the year 1887, (excepting unseated lands) was $1,047,959 and the county tax on the same $12,575,51.

—On last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bergele of Gallitzin, lost another child, being the third within the past four weeks from that dread scourge, scarlet fever.

—The time to choose a fertilizer for spring crops has about arrived. The extensive use of the I. P. Thomas & Son's goods is a very conclusive argument in their favor.

—In the United States District Court at Scranton, Monday, Samuel Smith alias Samuel Hackett, of DuBois, Clearfield county, was found guilty of passing counterfeit money.

—Peter Herdic, the prominent lumberman of Williamsport, died last Friday morning in New York, at the Hotel Glenham, of paralysis, after an illness of two weeks.

—Although there were a great many people in attendance at court, the cold weather kept them off the streets and the crowd did not seem to be as large as that usually attending court.

—Dr. J. W. Palmer, a specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat has opened an office corner Main and Clinton streets, Johnstown. It is said the Doctor is very successful.

—Messrs. Jacob and Wilfreid Shafer, of Allgheney township, will sell a large lot of live stock, farming utensils, household and kitchen furniture, at their residence in Allegheny township, on Thursday, March 22nd.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—On Friday evening of last week H. W. Storey, Esq., of Johnstown, was presented by the members of the police force with a fine gold-headed cane as a token of their esteem and the friendly relations that existed between them during his five years term as burgess of that place.

—The following persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post-office: Mrs. Evans, (South), Miss Ada Shonts, Mr. William Joiner, Joseph Goon, Mr. Jas. S. Bracken, Mr. Jacob Bracken. Those who apply for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—Now is the time to buy clothing cheap. Messrs. McConnell & Saupp, St. Lawrence Block, corner Eleventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Altoona, in order to make room for their spring stock will give you some fine bargains in men's and boys' clothing. Call and see for yourselves.

—Jos. Farabaugh, photographer, of Carrolltown, Pa. having sold out his picture gallery, desires to inform his patrons that he will have possession until April 1st, 1888, and that all wanting pictures taken or duplicates of photos taken heretofore are invited to call or address without delay.

—An unknown man supposed to be a miner about twenty five years of age, while walking on the railroad track a short distance west of South Fork on Saturday evening was struck by New York & Chicago Limited Express and so badly hurt that he died after being taken on the train to East Conemaugh.

—A fire broke out in a warehouse, owned by Messrs. J. Kintz & Son in Cambria borough on last Friday night, and before the flames could be got under control the building and three others, a dwelling house occupied by Hungarians, a stable, and another warehouse, together with a quantity of merchandise were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $3000, on which there was no insurance.

—On Wednesday evening while some boys were playing on the ice on Barker's pond, a short distance west of the depot, Corde Snyder, a little son of Conductor Snyder, was bitten on the nose by a dog belonging to Mr. T. L. Jones. The wound is said to be an ugly one, a part of the point of the nose being bitten off, but we hope that it may not be as bad as reported and that it will not permanently disfigure the boy.

—Joseph Jackson, who jumped off a freight train near Benscreek one day last week, and was considerably cut up but not badly hurt, was taken to the almshouse for repairs, but on Saturday an officer from Altoona called on Joseph with a warrant and took him to Altoona where he is wanted to answer a charge of surety of the peace preferred by a freight brakeman on the Western Division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

—The officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburg deny that there is any danger of a strike on their line. A prominent official stated that no conference had been held with General-Manager Pugh, and that the engineers had not presented demands to either him or any other official of the road. First-class engineers are paid $3 10, and are always preferred, not over 5 per cent. of the engineers on the entire system being below that class.

TERRA COTTA and MAHOGANY.

Gable & Co. invite you to visit their store, 1402 Eleventh avenue, Aloona, to see the many Beautiful Lines of Dress Goods in all the New Spring Shades, including the now popular Terra Cotta and Mahogany. Their new goods range in quality from 10c. to $1.25 and every piece is extra good value.

1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE 1402

—Bargains, bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. The following lines of goods will be closed out at actual cost for spot cash or good marketable produce until April 1st: All kinds of dress goods, flannels, woolens, ladies,' misses and children's shoes, also men's and boy's boots, shoes hats, caps and clothing. Flour, $4.50 and $5 per barrel; best A. No. 1 salt, $1.25 per barrel. All other goods at equally low prices for spot cash or trade.

—Counterfeit dimes are said to have quite recently made their appearance in some of the adjoining counties, but are easily detected, being of very inferior workmanship and quite greasy to the touch. They are made of lead with some other metal intermixed to give them the proper metallic sound, but fortunately they lack the silvery jingle of the pure coin. The coin is quite brittle and with some effort can be broken with the teeth.

—It will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers to learn that Mr. R. L. Davis has just placed on his shelves his new spring stock of boots and shoes, and it is no exageration to say that it is the finest lot of foot-wear ever brought to Ebensburg. Men's and boys' boots and shoes and ladies and misses shoes of every description in all the latest styles at extremely low prices. Call at his store and inspect his goods before purchasing elsewhere.

—There are forty-nine hotel license applications and nine applications for brewers' license in Blair county as follows: Altoona, thirty-four applications for hotel license and six applications for brewers' license; Hollidaysburg, six applications for hotel license and two applications for brewers' license, Tyrone, seven applications for hotel license; and one application for brewers' license; Martinsburg and Claysburg one application each for hotel license.

—The five-year-old son of William Cummings, a storekeeper at Westmoreland City, Westmoreland county, Pa., Sunday bored a red-hot poker through the lead stopper of a five-pound keg of blasting powder. The boy and powder keg went with the back part of the store thirty feet across the lot. The boy was terribly burned, but will recover, and his little sister, who was with him, was uninjured. The house caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.

—We inadvertently neglected calling attention in our local columns last week to the card of Mr. W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for sheriff at the Democratic primary election. Mr. McClelland is a tried and true Democrat, who has always stood by the interests of the party, fully competent to discharge the duties of the office, and if nominated and elected would perform the duties of the office to the satisfaction of all having business with him.

—On Tuesday morning about 5 o'clock, as Seashore Express was backing down from East Conemaugh to Johnstown a freight train pulled out from a siding on to the main track causing a collision in which Conductor Charles Flatkowski, of the Express, was instantly killed and brakeman Harry Stewart received a sprained ankle and brakeman Frank Parks had the fingers of one of his hands severely lacerated. Conductor Flatkowski was of Polish descent was about forty-two years of age and leaves a wife but no children. About five or six years ago he ran on the Ebensburg & Cresson branch for a couple of weeks during the absence of Mr. Snyder.

—Mr. William M. Klingenfelter, residing at 1302 Third avenue, Altoona is the possessor of a Silver Spangled Hamburg hen which is something of an egg producer. The hen was 9 months old when it began to lay, commencing on the 18th of February, 1887. Until December 30, 1887, it laid 242, divided among the different months as follows: February 8, March 26, April 25, May 30, June 29, July 24, August 14, September 22, October 22, November 22, December 20. From December 30, 1887, until February 21, 1888, it laid no eggs, but on the latter date began once more and until Saturday last, March 3, laid 10. It bids fair to keep up the record made during the eleven months of last year.

—The Spring Term of the California, Pa., State Normal School will open March 26th. Permanent Faculty of superior strength, Special Instructors, of nations reputation, engaged for spring term, part of whose work all students will enjoy without extra cost. Miss Lelia E. Patridge, author of "Quincy Methods" and "Talks on Teaching," will instruct five weeks. Edward Brooks, LL. D., one week. Byron W. King, engaged for special work in Elocution. Total cost for tuition and board for the term of 14 weeks from $40 to $56. Students from far and near will be in attendance. Equal advantages cannot be had elsewhere in the State. Write at once, for any desired information, to the Principal, Theo. B. Noss.

—The Apolla *Herald* of last week says: On last Thursday evening Harry Jack, Route Express Agent on the A. V. R. R., and Miss Alice Thompson, of Kittanning, were married at Mayville, N. Y. The young people ran away. The bride's mother, who is said to be worth $100,000, telegraphed them, and they have dutifully returned to be forgiven. On Thursday's 2:15 train to Oil City Miss Thompson took passage. The gallant Harry donned his wedding garments in the baggage car, and, reaching Oil City, took the train for Mayville. The bride is a grand daughter of Alexander Reynolds. Her parents regarded her as being too young to marry. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. J. Patton Thompson, who is wellknown in this place.

Sheriff's Sales.

On Monday last Sheriff Gray disposed of the following properties:

All the right, title and interest of Frank Urban of in and to an acre of land in Chest Springs, to A. V. Barker for $100.

All the right, title and interest of William H. Sechler of in and to a lot of ground in Ebensburg, to A. W. Buck, administrator of William Callan, dec'd., for $900.

All the right, title and interest of James Litzinger of, in and to 100 acres of land in Clearfield township, to the administrators of William Litzinger, for $200.

All the right, title and interest of George W., Eliza Jane and Philip F. Flenner to fifty acres of land in Adams township, to Jacob B. Stineman for $40.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Court Proceedings.

Court met at 10 o'clock on Monday.

Maggie Griffith, aged fourteen, charged by her mother, Annis Griffith, with incorrigibility was given a hearing and remanded to jail. She will probably be sent to the Reform School at Morganzl.

In the case of John M. Weakland vs. John E. Maucher, which was a bill in equity to set aside a paper of settlement or partnership business between the parties on the ground of fraud, the Master, D. E. Dufton, Esq., made his report, dismissing the bill because fraud was not shown, and the Court confirmed the report.

The following cases on next week's list were continued by consent: Use of Julius Stitch vs. Hipps & Lloyd; use of Hipps & Lloyd vs. George W. Lloyd (two cases), and John T. Thomas vs. G. W. Lloyd et al.

The following were continued: Joseph Hoffman and wife et al. vs. Catharine Conser et. al.; Conrad Suppes vs. Johnstown Lumber Company, and James C. Easly vs. Joseph A. Gray and T. S. Williams.

The following were also settled: William Peters vs. William Thomas, and Augustine Yost vs. Enoch Short.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Fitzsimmons and Commonwealth vs. Augustus Trexler, both for fornication and bastardy, were continued.

Joseph Masters was appointed forman of the Grand Jury.

Com. vs. Agnes Shellheimer. Sending threatening letter. Grand Jury ignored the bill and Mary Paul the prosecutrix was sentenced to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Mary Haid. Keeping a disorderly house. Continued on account of illness of defendant.

Com. vs. Mary Fitch, Keeping a disorderly house. Defendant plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Com. vs. Daniel Hale. Desertion. Defendant discharged on payment of costs.

Com. vs. Joseph Springer. Surety of the peace. Defendant discharged on his own recognizance to keep the peace.

Com. vs. Adam Miller. Fornix et cet. Defendant plead guilty and the usual sentence was imposed.

Com. vs. Frank Roberts. Malicious mischief. Grand Jury ignored the bill and the prosecutrix Ellen Wiserman was sentenced to pay the costs.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Thomas Stanley for the murder of his wife at Tunnelhill was reached on Tuesday morning. The following named gentlemen were impannelled on the jury: Joseph Farabaugh, Joshua Aurandt, Josue Parrish, George Banfield, Andrew Bucher, William Clark, Washington St. Clair, A. H. Longenecker., Thomas Callan, Samuel Ludwig Anslem Weakland and Dennis Cawley. The regular panel was exhausted after getting nine Jurors and the three last named were talesmen. Stanley is about sixty years of age, of Irish birth and looks to be a sickly man. Messrs. John P. Linton and A. V. Barker appeared for the defendant and District Attorney Rase represented the Commonwealth. The story of the murder was told by Mrs. Catharine McLane, who testified that she and Mrs. Malone lived in the same house at Tunnelhill, just across the street from the residence of Stanley, the defendant; that on the 18th of October Mrs. Stanley ran over to her house; she was bleeding and her hair was down; she went into Mrs. Malone's room a short time and came out to go for her son: Stanley came out of his house just as she reached the street; he had a double-barreled shot gun in his hands; he said: "Look out for your heart," and immediately fired, the shot taking effect in the left side and arm of the deceased, and she died in about half an hour afterward.

Mary Dillon, a daughter of the murdered woman by a former husband testified that Stanley got into a quarrel with her about some meat which he wanted cooked for his dinner, and attacked her; her mother came to her assistance, and Stanley struck her on the head with a poker, the witness picked up a broom and struck him on the head; then he left the mother and pursued the daughter, who fled to the garret, while the mother ran across the way to the house of Mrs. McLane and Mrs. Malone; she did not see the shooting, but heard the shot fired.

A number of other witnesses testified to substantially the same facts.

The defendant was put upon the stand by the defence. He claimed that Mrs. Stanley, struck him with a poker in the fight in the house and after that he had no knowledge of what happened.

Judge Johnston, finished his charge to the jury at half past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the jury retired, and after remaining out about six hours, brought in a verdict of "guilty of murder in the second degree.

Com. vs. John Kinney. Fornix et. cet. Jury find defendant guilty. The court imposed the usual sentence.

Com. vs. Daniel Burk. Selling liquor to persons of known intemperate habits. Jury find defendant guilty. Not sentenced.

Com. vs. Daniel Boyle. Pointing a pistol. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to a fine of $1 and costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. Bessa King. Keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant guilty.

A Mistake.

ASHVILLE, PA., Mar. 6, 1888.

EDITOR FREEMAN: Among the items sent by the Ashville correspondents to your paper of March 2d, I noticed one stating that Mrs. D. G. Myers and Mrs. J. J. Rhody were visiting friends at the Buckhorn. In justice to ourselves let it be corrected in this week's paper. The correspondents made a grave mistake in sending that item, as we are not acquainted with any person residing there, and have never been to the place mentioned.

MRS. J. J. RHODY.
MRS. D. G. MYERS.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Mar. 7th, 1888:

David H. Rorabaugh and Hulda. J. Burkhart, Jackson township.

John Bengloze, Johnstown, and Jane Pascer, Youngstown, Pa.

John Farbriect and Maria Komara, Cambria.

Wm. H. McCartney and Laura M. Hutchison, Conemaugh.

Lewis Leventy and Ida Von Luenon, Stony Creek township.

Frederick Krebs and Margaret Winefred Walters, Johnstown.

Charles Christansen and Augusta Anderson, Gallitzin.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Items from Ashville.

ASHVILLE, Mar. 6th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN.—The weather has changed since last week and we are again having winter.

Mr. Pat. Dunn, who has been sick for some time is improving and we hope will soon be himself again.

Mrs. F. S. Burgoon has a fine line of ladies' spring millinery goods which she sells at very low prices.

Olive, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Monahan is ill.

Mrs. Amanda Mansfield and Mrs. Alice Delozier, of this place, are visiting friends at Gallitzin.

Mr. George Roth, of this place, has a fine line of dry goods, groceries and general merchandise which he sells at low prices.

Mr. W. A. Wil has gone to Altoona to accept a clerkship in a store in that city, but we failed to learn the name of the merchant who has secured his services.

Misses Ella Downey and Hattie McLucas were visiting friends at the Summit on Friday last.

Carpet-rag sewings are plenty here. Mrs. F. S. Burgoon had one on Saturday last which was attended by the following ladies: Mrs. Trexler, Skelly, Stoy, Myers, Storm, McDermitt, Dougherty, McMullen, Delozier, Mansfield, Fogle, Free, Monahan and Eckenrode.

BLUEBIRD.

A Reminiscence of Prince Gallitzin.

Joseph Miller, Esq., of Wilmore, has been a Justice of the Peace for 35 years, and has only recently abandoned its duties. When very young Mr. Miller lived three years with Prince Gallitzin, the renowned priest who was a pioneer on the heights of the Alleghenies, crossing the ocean twice in 1792, and though called his servant, the Prince often laughingly declared that he was the servant and Miller the King. He presented Mr. Miller a watch which he had long carried in his journeyings, and it is still an excellent time keeper and sacredly and affectionately treasured. The members of the Prince's household at the time of his death comprised Teresa Wharton, Catharine May Wharton, Ellen Wharton, Celia Wharton, Polly Durbin, Augustine Haut, Francisco Kerch and Joseph Miller. All are dead now exeept Augustine Haut, living near Carrolltown, and 'Squire Miller. A picture in an old Catholic album represents the first meeting of Prince Gallitzin with Rev. Father Lemcke, another priest of revered memory, in which a figure is pointed out as representing the distinguished Wilmore justice. An exceedingly interesting hour can be passed with Mr. Miller listening to his reminiscences of times and scenes forever passed.—*Altoona Sunday Graphic.*

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Beulah Castle, No. 249, of Ebensburg, will be instituted March 12, Grand Sir Herald A. C. Lyttle, District Grand Chiefs D. D. Blauch, W. F. Taylor, Chas. P. Ashcom and L. T. Gardner will be present.

They will be assisted by the Sir Knights of the sixteen Castles in Cambria, Blair and Somerset counties.

The application for charter contains the names of the following citizens of the borough and vicinity.

The following officers will be installed:

Past Chief, C. T. Roberts; Noble Chief, S. W. Davis, Vice Chief, A. R. Read; High Priest, Thomas J. Davison; Venerable Hermit, John Ludwig; Sir Herald, James D. Snyder; Master of Records, S. J. Humphreys; Clerk of Exchequer, Fes Lloyd; Keeper of Exchequer, Carl Rivinius; Worthy Bard, John Leighty; Worthy Chamberlain, John T. Davis; Ensign, F. W. Davis; Esquire, W. R. Humphreys; First Guardsman, Sherman Clement; Second Guardsman, Schuyler Davis.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1. at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Try, Try Again.

After trying many advertised remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of the catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends in this vicinity. Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

My daughter and myself, great sufferers from catarrh, were cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell is restored. C. M. Stanley, shoe dealer, Ithaca, N. Y.

Died.

MCMULLEN.—At his residence in Allegheny township, on Wednesday, Feb'y. 29, 1888, Mr. Alexander McMullen, aged eighty-two years.

The deceased was born near Loretto, his father having been one of the earliest settlers in that part of the country. He was baptized and married by Father Gallitzin. Eleven years ago he was stricken down by disease and from that time until his death was a helpless invalid, during which time his two sons and two daughters faithfully ministered to his earthly comfort. He was an honest, upright man and a citizen of most exemplary character, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery at Loretto, on last Friday, the anniversary of his birth. May his soul rest in peace.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of administration on the estate of William Ryan, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARGARET RYAN,
Lilly, Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS HAVE FILED petitions for LICENSE with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, to be presented to the Court on MONDAY, March 19th, 1888:

Adams township—John Orris, tavern.

Ashville borough—David Brookbank, Patrick Dunn, R. J. Free, Joseph Miller, tavern.

Barr township—Eberhart Gessler, Frank A. Kline, tavern.

Cambria borough 1st wd.—Charles Boyle, Patrick Boyle, John M. Enright, Patrick Green, Michael Keating, Francis E. Kelly, John Kintz, Reginia Kartz, Michael Lafrey, John Lulkart, Martin Logan, Roach McDonnell, Patrick J. McLaughlin, Patrick Scanlan, tavern; Keystone Brewing Co., wholesale.

Cambria borough 2d wd.—George Aigner, John Burkhard, Mary Burkhardt, John Boylan, John Fees, Bernard Garvey, John Lysett, Charles McClafferty, Peter Roth, Jacob Shaffer, John Scheffauer, Henry Laly, Peter Toner, tavern; Jacob Goener, brewer.

Carrolltown, borough—Julia Binder, B. A. Blum, Celestine A. Farabaugh, John Glasser C. A. Luther, Lawrence Schroth, John Stein, John D. Thomas, A. H. Haug, tavern; B. A. Blumer C. A. Farabaugh, brewer; Gray & Williams, John J. Hauk, wholesale.

Carroll township—Catharine Baker James P. Huber, Henry Meiker, Mathew Weakland, Thos. J. Weaklan, tavern.

Chest township—Leonard Hartman, tavern.

Chest Springs borough—John Crouse, Dr. J. B. Noonan, tavern.

Clearfield township—George Harber, J. A. Wallace, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 1st wd.—Fred Benler, Jas. C. Darby P. S. Friedhoff, John Gans, George Heid, Erhardt Maint, R. J. Malvehill, Wilhelmina Munzer, Joseph Reidel, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 2d ward—David Costlow, Sarah Cavanaugh, Thos. Daley, Anna Ernt, John Gerhardt, Thos. Griffith, Chas. and Maggie Hoffman, Fred W. Hoffman, Benjamin Kist, Laura Toohey, Henry H. Thomas, Joseph Walscher, tavern; Chas. and Maggie Hoffman, wholesale; Lambert & Kress, brewers.

Conemaugh township—Lawrence Kost, wholesale.

Croyle township, Peter Brown, Albert Carpenter, John Griffith, Patrick McCall, John D. Wenrich, tavern.

Dean township—Thos. Dunphy, Ellen Hollis, tavern.

East Conemaugh borough—Wm. J. Cannon, Geo. A. Custer, Margaret Kelly, tavern.

Ebensburg borough West Ward—P. F. Brown, John Hunter, John S. Miller, tavern.

Ebensburg borough East Ward—L. Esterline, tavern.

Elder township—Peter C. Glasser C. A. Gray, Jacob S. Kline, John Lantzy, Frank X. Ott, tavern.

Franklin borough—Peter Rubritz, tavern

Gallitzin Borough—D. C. Burk, Chas. Drass, Michael Fitzharris, Joseph M. Gunning, Arnold Lenz, H. J. Shettig & J. C. Snyder, Max Stehle, tavern; Allen H. Holst, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale; Andrew Geagler, brewer.

Gallitzin township—Richard Byrne, tavern; H. D. Reiners, wholesale; H. D. Reiners, bottler.

Grubbtown borough—Catherine Ream, George W. Penrod, tavern.

Johnstown borough 2d wd.—John Cond, Joseph Crauss, John Frank, Conrad Hoffman, Gottfreid Hoffman, John James, W. & D. Kirby, Geo. W. Kough, Thos. Kinney, Daniel Lysett, Job Morgan, Frank O'Donnell, John O'Toole, Geo. C. Roab, John Schiffauer, Neal Shorkey, tavern; John Raab, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 3d wd.—Joseph Belter, James Clark, Wm. Gerhardt, John J. Hornick, Joseph Kost, Charles Kropp, Mrs. C. Kast, Robt. E. Lambert, James T. Milligan, Michael Murphy, Chas. H. McAteer, John A. McCann, Chas. Oswald, Stephen Quirk, Geo. Roab, Robt Saxerson, John V. Shaffer, Benjamin Sulky, Chas. Weis, tavern; Fisher & Co., Franchetti & Visack, Henry G. Ludwig, John Ludwig & Son, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 4th wd.—Wm. L. Hafferty, Henry Koch, Eckhart Pfeil, Conrad J. Schable, F. P. Wier, tavern; John Emerling, Jacob Meier, brewers; Wm. Thomas, wholesale and bottler.

Johnstown borough 5th wd.—Jacob Hartman, tavern.

Johnstown borough 6th wd.—Wm. Shaffer, tavern.

Johnstown borough 7th wd.—John B. Gerhardt, tavern.

Lilly borough—Wm. Beet, Geo. Brant, Gebhardt Bender, C. A. George, Margaret Helly, John Metzgar, Edward Mulherron, Thos. Sheridan, tavern; Theodore Sill, brewers.

Loretto borough—Florian Bengle, A. J. Christy, C. F. O'Donnell, tavern.

Millville borough 1st wd.—Robert Butler, Thos. D. Broderich, Ed. Flanagan, Evan A. James, John Maloney, Michael F. Murphy, Owen McCue, Jr., Patrick Rodgers, tavern; Pier & Daniels, wholesale.

Millville borough 2d wd.—A. E. Baker, James F. Burns, James Daily, John Honan, Jr., Bridget Lynch, Thomas McInernuit, tavern.

Portage township—Jesse McGough & John P. Groome, J. J. McDonnell, tavern.

Prospect borough—Mary Neary, Thomas Riley, tavern.

Reade township—W. A. Chaplin, Joseph F. Durbin, James Laing, tavern; Michael Carroll, wholesale.

Richland township—Soloman Martin, Bernard Nees, tavern.

South Fork borough—W. W. Baker, Chas. N. Crouse, Thomas Keelan, tavern.

Shoopstown township—John Metzler, George S. Schafer, John H. Watkins, tavern.

Susquehanna township—Simon P. Lantzy, Philip F. Miller, tavern.

Tunnelhill borough—Andrew Batal, Joseph A. Bertram, Albert F. Fick, tavern.

Washington township—John H. Clark, W. R. Dunham, Chas. H. Humbert, Frank Leap, Patrick R. Myers, John McNally, Huch O'Donnell, tavern; Chas. E. Schwaderer, brewer.

Wilmore borough—Joseph Horner, Conrad Wenderoth, tavern.

Upper Yoder township—Chas. Hochstine, John A. O'Connor, tavern.

Lower Yoder township—Michael Conway, Francis Leckey, tavern; Jacob Albrecht, brewer.

R. A. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.
Ebensburg, Feb. 27, 1888.

TRIAL LIST.

Notice is hereby given that the following cases have been set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg on Monday, March 12, 1888.

Lee Wright	vs.	Conway et. al.
Krause	vs.	Rex.
Hoffmann et. al.	vs.	Conser.
Early	vs.	Gray & Williams.
Pfeifer	vs.	Smith.
Emmerson	vs.	Logan.
Wilde	vs.	Meredith.
McCullough	vs.	Ivory.
Ashton et. al	vs.	Schriber.
Barnhart	vs.	Barnhart.
Same	vs.	Same.
Hopple	vs.	Boland.
Use Stitch	vs.	Hipps & Lloyd.
Use Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Lloyd & Craver.
Same	vs.	Same.
Thomas	vs.	Same.
Peters	vs.	Thomas.
Yost	vs.	Short.
Supper	vs.	Johnstown Lumber Co.
Hunt	vs.	Hader et. al
Blair Co., Brg Co	vs.	Notley.
First Nat. Bk., Altoona	vs.	Duncan.
Gallaxher et. al	vs.	Durbin.
Glase et. al	vs.	P. R. R.
Berkenstock & Co	vs.	Parrish et. ux.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Prot'y.
Proth'y Office, Ebensburg Feb. 10 1888.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—On the following days for the districts named the Commissioners of Cambria county will sit at their office in Ebensburg, for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessment of money at interest, hacks stages, etc., used for hire, taxable for State purposes for the year 1888.

On Tuesday, March 22d, for Adams, Allegheny, Barr, Blacklick, Cambria, Carroll, and Chest townships 1st and 2d wards of Cambria borough, Ashville and Carrolltown boroughs.

On Friday, March 23d, for Clearfield, Conemaugh, Croyle, Dean, East Taylor, West Taylor, Elder and Gallitzin townships, 1st and 2d wards of Conemaugh borough, Chest Springs, Coopersdale and East Conemaugh borough.

On Saturday, March 24th, for East and West wards Ebensburg borough, Franklin, Gallitzin, Grubbtown, Lilly, Loretto, Prospect and Tunnelhill boroughs, Jackson, Munster, Portage and Summerhill townships.

On Tuesday, March 27th, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th wards Johnstown borough, and 1st, and 2d wards Millville borough.

On Wednesday, March 28th for Reade, Richland, Stonycreek, Susquehanna, Washington, White and Upper and Lower Yoder townships, and South Fork, Wilmore and Woodvale boroughs.

JOHN CAMPBELL, }
JOHN KIRBY, } Com.
J. G. LLOYD, }
D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.
Ebensburg, Feb. 2), 1888.

ASSIGNEE SALE —OF— Valuable Real Estate.

The undersigned by virtue of orders issued from the Common Pleas Courts of Blair and Cambria counties, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Hollidaysburg on

Wednesday, March 28, '88,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, to wit: The undivided one-fourth interest in a certain tract of coal and timber lands situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., warranted in the name of Mifflin Hanum, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres more or less.

☞ TERMS: One-half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year with interest to be secured by mortgage or judgment bond of purchaser. J. H. SMITH,
Assignee of R. A. IRWIN.
Hollidaysburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind come give th eFREEMAN office a trial.

POLITICAL

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.
Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888

FOR SHERIFF.

John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

PROPOSALS.—Proposals will be received by Directors of Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county until Tuesday April 3d, 1888, for building an annex to the Almshouse for an infirmary. Specifications can be seen at the Almshouse.

BY THE DIRECTORS OF POOR.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the two horse wagon and team in the possession of James Stineiber belongs to me and all persons are hereby notified not to meddle with or interfere with the same. GEORGE DUMAN.
Flacklick twp, Feb. 20, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Mause, deceased, of Croyle township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby giving to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY B. MAUSE,
Croyle Twp., Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

The 7th Annual Term —OF— THE EBENSBURG NORMAL SCHOOL,

Conducted by A. E. Reed, A. M., Jno. S. Foley and Cyrus Shepherd will open in Public School Building of Ebensburg, Monday, April 16th, 1888, for a term of eleven weeks.

TUITION.

Teachers' course.....$ 7 00
Preparatory or optional course.....6 00

A liberal reduction to all made where two or more attend from the same family.

Good boarding and comfortable rooms can be secured for $2 50 per week.

For circulars and information address A. E. Reed, or Cyrus Shepherd, Ebensburg, Pa., or Jno. S. Foly, St. Augustine, Pa.

100 PER CE T. PROFIT and SAMPLES FREE to men canvassers for Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belts, Brushes, Body Appliances wanted for Electric Corsets. Quick sales. Write at once for terms Dr. Scott, 848 Broadway, N. Y. 3mo.

Oils! Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING ILS

NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE

That can be made from Petrolium.

If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours. Trade for Ebensburg and vicinity supplied by V. S. BARKER & BRO.
Ebensburg, Pa.

THE BEST WAY To get a First-ClassWatch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.

FINE WATCHES AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES

Only $1.00 a Week.

Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.

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Aubrey's Great Ride.

Among the deeds of early life in the west, the famous ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe to the public square of Independence, Mo., as a physical achievement stands without an equal. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the history of the world can present a parallel to that great ride of 800 miles, through a country overrun with hostile Indians, a portion of the distance being through sandy deserts and leading across rivers, mountains and prairies, with only the sky for a covering and the earth as a resting place. An old resident of this city, who used to know Aubrey very well, in conversation recently said:

"When I first met Aubrey, about 1848 he was a young man of 35, the perfect picture of health and strength. Short, rather heavy-set, weighing about 165 pounds, he had an honest, open countenance and was one of the rising men of the plains. He was a French Canadian, came to St. Louis in 1840 and very soon afterward engaged in business as a Santa Fe trader, making trips to Santa Fe from Independence, Mo., and spending the larger part of his time in the saddle. He was a noted horseman, and spared neither man nor beast when on a journey. Everything he did was done with a rush.

"Aubrey made two rides alone from Santa Fe to Independence. The first was on a wager of $1,000 that he could cover the distance in eight days. He succeeded in reaching his destination three hours before the expiration of the time. He killed several horses in the ride, and it is said that the death of one horse which obliged him to walk 25 miles to Council Grove, carrying his saddle on his back, before he found another. He was the lion of the day at St. Louis and Independence after his ride. There were many powerful men and many good riders in those times, but not one of them dared to attempt to beat Aubrey's record. He determined to beat it himself, and on a second wager he left Santa Fe in 1851, and gave the severest test of human endurance I have ever known.

"I was on the way to Santa Fe (it was 37 years ago) with a train of 25 wagons filled with merchandise, and knew nothing of his design. When we were at the Rabbit Ears, about 100 miles from the old Spanish city, we saw a man approaching in a sweeping gallop, mounted on a yellow mare and leading another. As he came nearer, mistaking us for Indians he whirled and retreated 50 or 60 yards, then turned to take a second look. Our wagons coming round a hill proved what we were, and putting spurs to his steed he dashed past, merely nodding his head as the dust flew into our faces. It was a great surprise to me for Aubrey to treat a friend in this style, but when I reached Santa Fe I understood it. Every moment was precious. It was the supreme effort of his life. Night and day he rushed on. Six horses dropped dead as he road them. His own beautiful mare, Nellie, the one he was riding as he passed our party, and one of the finest pieces of horseflesh I ever saw, quivered and fell in the agonies of death at the end of the first 150 miles. Several splendid horses had been sent ahead and stationed at different points on the trail. No man could keep up with Aubrey, he would have sacrificed every horse in the west if necessary to the accomplishment of his design. It was not money he was after, but fame. He had laid a wager that the trip would be made in six days.

"At the end of five days and 13 hours, exhausted and fainting, he was taken from a horse that was trembling from head to foot and covered with sweat and foam, at the southwest corner of the present square of Independence. He sank into a stupor from which he was not aroused for 48 hours. Aubrey was a man of marvelous endurance or he could never have recovered from the strain of that ride upon his system. There was no stage running to Santa Fe at the time of Aubrey's ride and he was unanimously pronounced by western men as the greatest exhibition of nerve and strength ever shown on the plains.

"After the ride Aubrey wandered into California, but returned to Santa Fe in 1854. Immediately upon entering the city he met Maj. Richard F. Weightman, formerly an officer of the regular army, who had been one of Aubrey's closest friends. After exchanging salutations, Aubrey invited his friend to step into a saloon and take a drink. Weightman, by the way, was editor of a small paper published in the city. As the barkeeper poured out the whisky Aubrey turned to Weightman, and his whole manner changed as he spoke: "Weightman, what made you publish that lie about my going to California?" Without a moment's hesitation, feeling the insult keenly, Weightman seized the glass, now full of liquor, and threw the contents into Aubrey's face. Aubrey reached for his revolver, but, before he could draw it from his pocket, Weightman snatched a bowie knife from his sheath and buried the blade into the heart of the great rider.

"That was the last of Aubrey. He was buried in an unknown grave, and all that is remembered of him is his exploit in crossing the plains. Weightman was acquitted of the charge of murder, joined the Confederate army in the late war, and was shot at the head of his brigade at Wilson's creek, falling near the spot where Gen. Lyon lay."

Lacerated by a Lion.

At the conclusion of a performance at Lowry's Music Hall, in Dublin, Ireland, on the night of the 24 inst., Mlle. Semide, one of the performers, placed her head in a lion's mouth for the purpose of having her photograph taken in that position. A sudden flash of light caused the beast to close his jaws and he retired growling to the corner of his cage, dragging his helpless victim with him. Then he shook the girl violently, tearing her bare breast with his claws. The attendants at once sprang toward the cage and attacked the lion with irons, and finally succeeded in beating him off.

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Palpitation, dropsical swellings, weakness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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"Rough on Pain."
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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh.
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also incipient. An unrivaled remedy for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Lorkett,	9.07	11.20	5.33
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.00
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

Leaves—Southward.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.10	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.39
Lorkett,	7.36	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Conlport R. R. Schedule.

Leaves—Northward.	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20
Wilmoth,	9.28	5.33
Lowood,	9.42	5.36
Ashbyg,	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	6.00
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.25
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.27
Flyn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.45
Rossbud,	11.04	6.45
Irona,	11.10	6.50

Leaves Southward.	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irona,	2.30	7.00
Rossbud,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.39	7.08
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.30
Frugality,	3.08	7.33
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
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Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.
HUGH DRISKEL,
Allegheny twp., Oct. 27, 1887. President.

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A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Best of every description. Send for catalogue. Prepares for any College. L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

Elephants Carrying Lumber.

Lazy and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our manageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a greater variety of ways.

There are few, if any, tasks a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber-yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber, is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers.

The logs to be moved are teakwood which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of about twenty feet, with a diameter or perhaps a square, of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusk under the middle of it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile which is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few spaces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the logs needs pushing one way or the other. It will then make any necessary alteration of position. In this way, without a word of command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work.

To do any special task, it must of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and now ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his head against the end of the log and with a sudden exertion of strength and weight throw his body forward and fairly push the log along; or to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain and drag his load behind him.

As a rule, however, the dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they cannot carry logs as male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain around a log; nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than they do with their trunks.

Poor Man

A burglar got into the house of a frail looking, sad eyed little widow in Tucson the other night. Not finding any valuables down stairs he stealthily ascended to the second floor and entered the room where the sleeping and unsuspecting woman lay with a smile that told of pleasant dreams on her lips.

Roughly shaking her, the dastardly intruder said gruffly:

"Here, wake up; now just you keep cool; no use yelling; I know as well as you do that you're alone in the house; just hand over the keys to—here, stop that! let go! help! murder! help! O-o-o-h! O-o o-h!"

When the police finally got there they found the burglar done up with a clothes line as neatly as a grocer does up ten pounds of sugar. He was just opening his eyes in the "coming to" process; when they rested on the little widow they took on a beseeching look as he shivered and gasped out:

"Don't leave me alone with her again, gentlemeu; please don't. I've killed Rocky Mountain lions and she bears with young cubs, and tackled two hyenas at a time, but this is my first experience with a lone Arizony widder. Can't you loosen these ropes a little and see how many of my ribs is broke, and roll me over so's I can keep from swallowing the teeth she's knocked out; and I'd like a poultice on my eye as soon as possible, and I need sewing up in a dozen places. I'm feerd I'll never pull through this gentle men."

A Bit of Manners.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes that looked friendly into yours and a mouth that smiled cordially if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad as was he. She had a thoughtful face, perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face and he was gone.

It is not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

Queer Adventure of a Ring.

An extraordinary instance of the recovery of a lost ring may be added to the list of curious finds. A lady when digging holes for planting celery unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes. A plant was inserted, dubtless through the ring, and as the root grew the ring must have become imbedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

Temperance Wine.

No matter what may be said about the use of wines, it is the adulteration and trash mixtures that does the mischief. Where pure wines are used we hear no complaint of inebriations. We never hear of intoxication from the use of Speer's wine of New Jersey. This wine and also the unfermented grape juice is held in high estimation by the best doctors in this country, for the use of the sick.

Points on the Mercury.

It is said to be nearly as cold in New York as out west, where blizzards are blowing the mortgages off the farms.

To investigate this assertion a reporter took a trip around town in search of corroborative facts.

At the Hoffman house the reporter met a Montana man from Helena. He said that he should not return to the ancestral halls of his "dugout" until whiskey thawed in the spring. It was so cold when he left Bozeman, in September, that $8 brandy had been sawed into paper weights, to remain in that shape until the spring elections.

At the Fifth Avenue hotel a prominent citizen from St. Paul was found in his room, with the steam turned off and the ice cooler in his bed. He said that Minnesota was cool, but beautiful. People never die there with consumption, because their lungs freeze stiff on their arrival and only thawed out when they went back east to die. All the cemetery companies in St. Paul were bankrupt, and the undertakers were building skating rinks, and would run them as a permanent investment.

A Duluth man at the St. James was explaining to Capt. Connor that the country along the Northern Pacific railroad annex was tempered by breezes from the Pacific ocean. He said that in Proctor Knott's county the canned fruit crop had increased every year. The blizzard from Dakota had no effect on fruit. It was customary for skaters to fill their pockets with stewed prunes plucked from the trees. Canned peaches were as plentiful in January as are cocoanuts in South America.

The Lake Superior country had all the advantages of a tropical country with none of its annoyances. When a child went for a bucket of water there was no fear of being gobbled by an alligator. Scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, Bengal tigers, rhinoceroses and spotted leopards were unknown, and when a family sat down to a dinner of potted meat and canned elephant there was no vacant chair nor newly made grave as is often the case where the mercury stands at 150 degrees in midwinter.

A Bismark man at the Brunswick said the Missouri river was solid ice from Fort Benton to St. Perrie, a distance of 2,000 miles. Freezing precipitates the mud, leaving the ice so clear that one can walk on the ice and see all the people who have been drowned lying at rest in the bottom of the river as distinctly as if they were in a museum. The numerous steamboats, mules, wood yards, happy homes and occasional towns and cities that have been swallowed up by the great rivers are also visible. It is predicted that next summer will be unusually wet owing to the large amount of ice and snow on the western landscape.—*New York Telegram.*

A Likely Story of a Bustle.

When bustles first came into fashion, a certain society lady in Minneapolis, who is apt to carry things a little towards extremes in matters of dress, had one made to order. She insisted that it should be a large one, and it was. It was so gigantic, in fact, that it was relegated to the attic. But in the course of time it came to pass that bustles were worn larger, and having need for a new one, the lady bethought herself of the airy network that she had once discarded. Down it came from the attic and it proved "just her size." But the bustle was inhabited. A cunningly constructed nest reposed insine, and a fast growing and inquisitive family of mice poked out their pink noses to resent the rude disturbance. The lady, remarkable to relate, had not the traditional feminine fear of mice. She bravely wore the bustle, mice and all. As the days passed on her strange pets became very tame. She had a small aperture made in her dress over the top of her bustle, covered with a convenient plait, and it is her chief delight to terrorize her friends by calling forth the mice from their retreat, as she sits entertaining her visitors. One poor dude is alleged to have fainted away at the sight of the "horwid creatures."

Old-Time Fireplaces.

Henry Rosencrans is an old colored barber in Kingston. He tells reminiscences of old times. In his days he has met and waited on some of the celebrities who have visited Kingston. Sunday morning the unusually severe weather brought out remarks about cold days when he was a young man.

"Yes, it was cold then. I've known men to be found frozen along the roadside. Once a stage driver, driving over the stage line from Newburg to Albany, through Kingston, was found frozen dead in his seat. We didn't have many thermometers in those days, but we felt the cold all the same. Yes see we burned wood instead of coal. Most of the houses were heated with big fireplaces, so large that a small log of wood could be rolled in and propped up and used for a back log. A roaring fire in one of these chimneys would scorch the hair off a cat six feet away. There is one of these fireplaces in the old house on Greene street, near Pearl. I used to drag logs for these big fireplaces with a horse—drove the horse right in the room, dragging the log behind him. We unhitched the horse and rolled the log in the fireplace with handspikes. Gracious, how the women to-day would grumble at such a performance!"

How He Stole Coal.

A tramp got aboard a coal train near La Junta, Col., and gave the brakeman fifty cents to carry him to the next station. As soon as the brakeman returned to the caboose the "tramp" begun heaving coal out of the car, and strung it along the track for three miles. A wagon drove along after the train and began picking up the coal, and when the station was reached the "tramp" got off and went back to the wagon. He had thrown off two wagon loads of coal.

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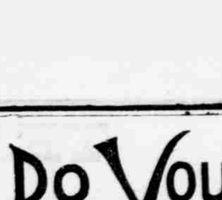

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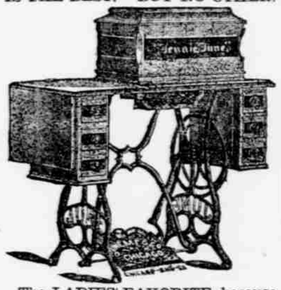

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An old maid's favorite musical instrument—cast a-net.

A lady of high standing—Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.

The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.

Senator Sawyer very appropriately began life as proprietor of a saw mill.

Why is a city called a "she?" Because there is always more or less bustle about a city.

The sicker the pig the straighter the tail; and the healthier the pig the tighter the curl.

Music teachers are in the habit of slurring some notes; but they all speak well of greenbacks.

"I often cut my oldest acquaintance," said the buzz saw, as it took off a mill hand's finger.

When an undertaker was asked if business was good with him he said he had dead load of it.

It is somewhat paradoxical that the man who does the least talking in Congress is called the speaker.

A teacher asked a little boy the color of the Atlantic Ocean, and he said he guessed it was water color.

An old negro declared that he did love to stump his toes, because he felt so good when it quit hurting.

An unfortunate Maine baby that happened to be born on the day of her grandparents' golden wedding was named Anna Versary.

"What do you supposed Jay Gould crossed the ocean for?" "Don't know. Maybe he wanted to see how the water was holding out."

Provident Minister—I wish to state that I have procured an alarm clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the services are over.

Husband—My dear, do you think that I am conceited about my personal appearance? Wife—Well, yes, John, a little. Most homely men are, you know.

Doctor—What you need, sir, is complete rest. Your circulation is too high. New York editor—Ha! then let me die! I would not have my paper injured.

"Mercy!" exclaimed an old lady upon first seeing an engraving of the passage of the Red Sea by the children of Israel: "mercy! what a family the man had!"

An Irishman, who had on a very ragged coat, was asked of what kind of stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know," says he, "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"Too much water," says an authority on the subject, will remove the strongest growth of hair." True, every word of it. Water will in time destroy even the locks of a canal.

Jones asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said because he was hard to get off her hands.

When an Irishman went into a Chinese laundry and told the Mongolian in charge to hurry up his washing, because he hadn't a clean shirt bosom to his back, that was a bull in a China shop, wasn't it?"

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near the door; "and much his dear little brother in the calico dress looks like him, to be sure."

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the plow?" indignantly cried a farmer to a green Irishman whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah! be aisy now, said Pat. "How could I hould it, and two horses drawing it away from me! But give it to me in the barn, and I'll hould it with anybody!"

A Dexter 5-year-old was put to bed the other night a little earlier than she herself thought desirable. Soon after she called for some bread and milk, and got it. After eating a few spoonfuls she looked up at her father with a most unconcerned air and remarked: "Papa, I believe I heard you say it wasn't a good plan to retire immediately after eating; I guess I'll get up.

The Last of the Buffaloes.

"It was but four years ago," said W. S. Barrows, of Mandan, Dak., "that I bought 1,000 buffalo horns, and to-day it is about impossible to obtain one pair for love or money. According to the stories of hunters and trappers who have been engaged in their occupations for years, one small herd of buffalo exists at this time as a representative of the countless thousands that swarmed on the Western prairies and they have sought protection in the Yellowstone Park. There are about